★Jan. 11, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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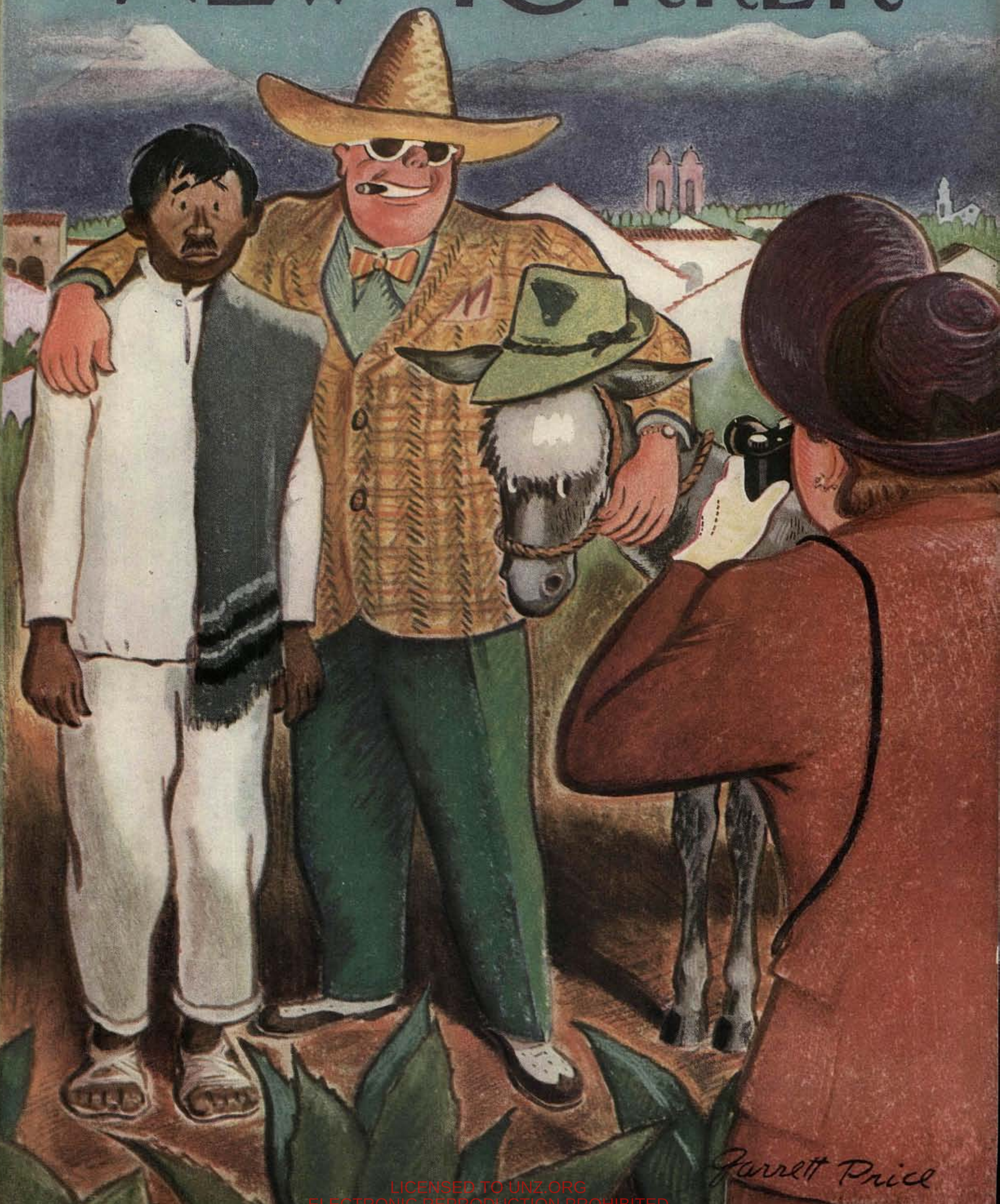

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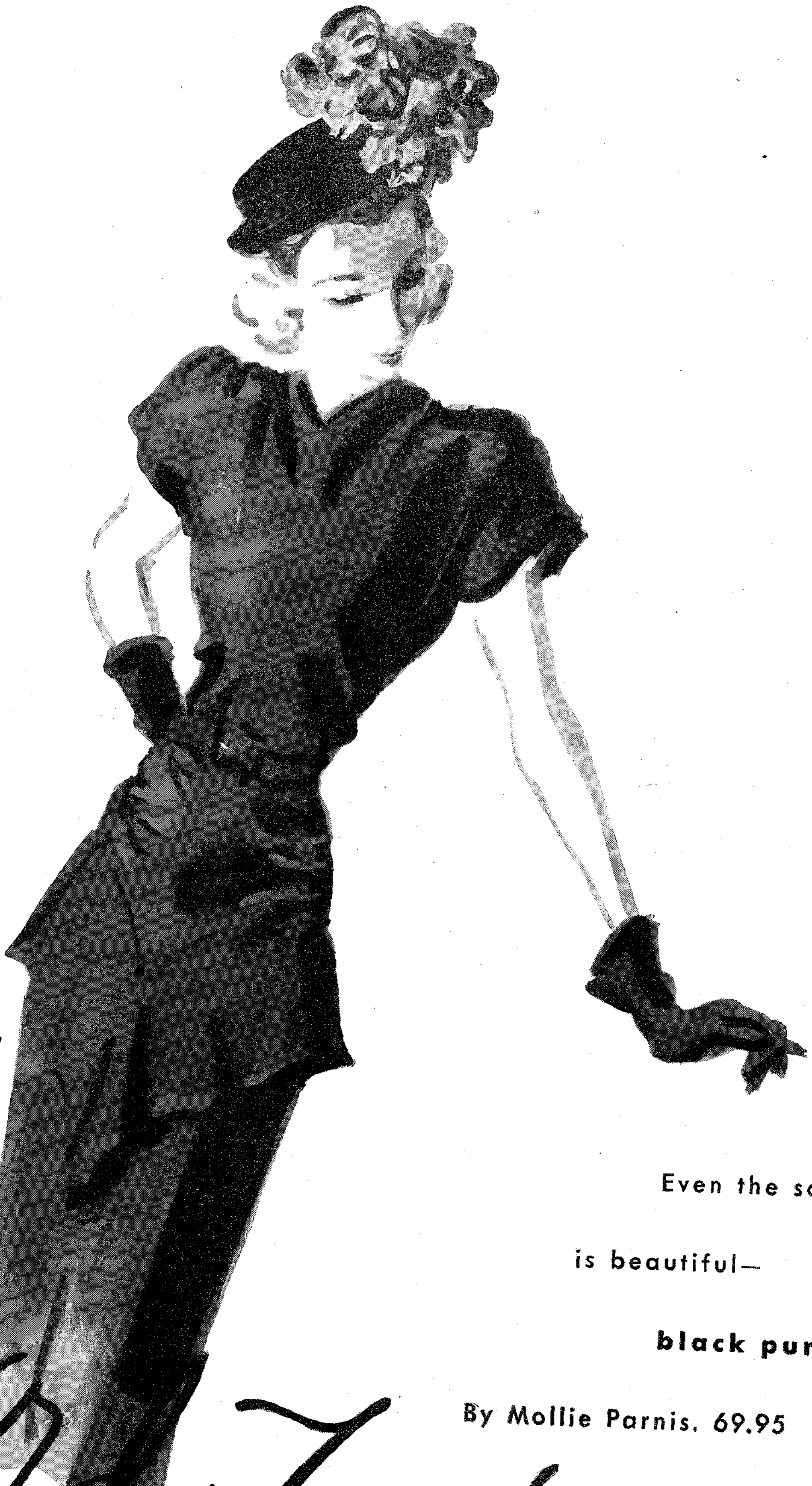

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

American Repertory Theatre—Not entirely satisfactory productions of "Pound on Demand," "Androcles and the Lion," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "Henry VIII." The company includes Eva Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex. The schedule for this week and next follows: "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Thursday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:40.... ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:50.... ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 11, at 2:40 and 8:40.... ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Sunday matinée and evening, Jan. 12, at 2:50 and 8:50.... ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Tuesday through Friday evenings, Jan. 14-17, at 8:40.... ¶ "Henry VIII," *Saturday matinée and* evening, Jan. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman's educated Jukes family at an earlier though by no means more attractive stage than the one she described in "The Little Foxes." Miss Hellman is always worth your attention, of course, but this is certainly one of her lesser works. With Patricia Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Leo Genn. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This play about a drunken comedian doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as funny, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's fine performance in the leading role. Jean Parker is very fetching as his principal assistant. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Christopher Blake—Moss Hart's somewhat overemotional and not wholly convincing study of the effect of divorce on a twelve-year-old boy. The young hero's secret fantasies are much better than the realistic portions of the play. Richard Tyler is most impressive in the *main part. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI* 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer, starring in his own revival of the Rostand play, is perhaps more subtle than Walter Hampden used to be, if not quite so romantic. Also with Frances Reid, Ernest Graves, Paula Laurence, and Hiram Sherman. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Fatal Weakness—Ina Claire, the star, is much more successful than George Kelly, the author, in this comedy about divorce. With Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's four-hour drama demonstrating that men need hope to survive. Interesting and sometimes powerful, but by no means up to his best level. With James Barton, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Ingrid Bergman is altogether magnificent as an actress who plays the Maid of Orleans and also seems to share a good many of her opinions, and the rest of the cast is excellent, too. Maxwell Anderson has done a fine job with a rather complicated idea. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Lady Windermere's Fan—Oscar Wilde's comedy in probably the most stylish revival it has ever had, mainly because of Cecil Beaton's brilliant scenery and costumes. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood help deliver the famous old epigrams. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8:40.)

Made in Heaven—*Donald Cook in a comedy by* Hagar Wilde about the breaking up and reestablishment of a marriage that seemed to have very little importance in the first place. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. *Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.* Closes Sat., Jan. 11.)

Present Laughter—A comedy concerning a man who has far too many girls. Expertly played by Clifton Webb, but much less handsomely written by Noel Coward. Also with Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Temper the Wind—A drama about the denazification of Germany that contains several interesting ideas but, unfortunately, not much drama. Blanche Yurka, however, is splendid as a fierce Prussian aristocrat. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Ruth Gordon's loving and witty reminiscences of her days in Boston when she dreamed of being an actress. Fredric March is almost perfect as her eccentric father, and Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are very nice as the ladies in the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, gets crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays a lady tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. With Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **life with father:** The oldest living inhabitant. With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **o mistress mine:** Well, it has the Lunts, and that should be enough for anybody. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy almost becomes the Republi*can candidate for President. With Minor* Watson and Edith Atwater. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** A sergeant on a weekend pass. Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Big Two—Claire Trevor and Philip Dorn in a comedy by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary *Helen Fay. Produced by Elliott Nugent and* Robert Montgomery, and directed by Mr. Montgomery. Jo Mielziner designed the settings. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman, singing Irving Berlin's songs in her wonderful, brassy way, is the high spot of this attractive comedy about the celebrated Miss Oakley. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beggar's Holiday—Duke Ellington has written an interesting if uneven score for this variation of the "Beggar's Opera," and John Latouche has contributed the book and lyrics. Alfred Drake heads a lively cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Mister—Practically everything is fine in this revue, written, acted, and produced almost entirely by veterans. Harold Rome did the songs and Arnold Auerbach is responsible for the sketches. With Jules Munshin and Bill Callahan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Toplitzky of Notre Dame—A remarkably silly piece concerning an angel who comes to earth to take part in the Army game. Sammy Fain's music and the book by George Marion, Jr., seem about equally trying. J. Edward Bromberg, Gus Van, and Betty Jane Watson are among the participants. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	75
THE CURRENT CINEMA	61
LETTER FROM PARIS	56
MUSICAL EVENTS	73
OF ALL THINGS	70
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	62
THE THEATRE	46

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAROUSEL:** "Liliom," taken in hand by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Mr. R. and Mr. H. again. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE RED MILL:** The revival of the old Victor Herbert piece. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

OPENINGS

(Before hailing a taxi to go to the theatre, you should be sure that there have been no last-minute changes in dates and curtain times.)

Street Scene—A musical drama based on the play by Elmer Rice, with a book by Mr. Rice and music by Kurt Weill. Norman Cordon and Anne Jeffreys head the cast, and Jo Mielziner designed the setting. Directed by Charles Friedman and produced by Dwight Deere Wiman and the Playwrights' Company. Opens Thursday, Jan. 9. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—Ella Logan in a musical play with a book by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy, lyrics by Mr. Harburg, and music by Burton Lane. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Lee Sabinson and William R. Katzell. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Opens Friday, Jan. 10. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Little A—Otto Kruger, Jessie Royce Landis, and Wallis Clark in a play by Hugh White. The director is Melville Burke and the producer Sam Nasser. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 15. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Bloomer Girl—A return engagement of this musical comedy, with Nanette Fabray and Dick Smart heading the cast. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 9.)

Ruth Draper—Beginning a six-week series of her monologues. (Empire, B'way at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Sunday evenings, starting Jan. 12, at 8:40. Matinées Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Rosario and Antonio—With their company, in a program of Spanish dances. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RH 4-1500, Ext. 33. Sunday evening, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre—Presenting "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Jan. 18, at 10:30. For information about tickets, call EN 2-6984.)

American Youth Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting a concert designed for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so it's a good idea to phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in the dignified Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has polite and pleasant dance music by Ted Straeter's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Imogene Coca, Pete Johnson, and Django Reinhardt, the rare, imported guitarist, will be on hand through Saturday, Jan. 11. Susan Reed, the folk-song-and-Irish-harp girl, arrives on Monday, Jan. 13, and Jules Munshin will come on for a turn at the midnight show. Edmund Hall's orchestra.

Embassy, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—Charles Trenet, chirping away as merrily as a *grillon*, or French cricket. Dance music by Ralph Font's rumba band and Arthur Ravel's orchestra.

LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A fairly close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, with placid romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—A leading example of the jet-propelled, or untrammelled, school of interior decoration. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—In the stately Cotillion Room, you'll come upon an unpretentious show, Charles Reader's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays in the Café Pierre daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, singing, prattling, and turning the Persian Room upside down at both dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's orchestra plays all evening, with Mark Monte's lending a hand after the theatre.

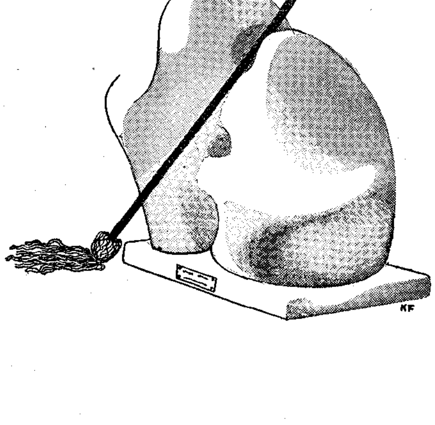
Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, Larry Siry's string orchestra provides sweet, reminiscent music during the dinner hour; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a pretty little ice show, and Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. . . . ¶ Two small dance orchestras play downstairs, in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Barry Winton's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Jean Sablon, singing those emotional French songs with all the Gallic sentiment anyone could ask. Dancing to the music of Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.



Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, there's Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, until Friday, Jan. 17, when Morton Downey will take over. Emil Coleman, at dinner and supper, plays nostalgic, deb-party music; Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): The subdued and elegant Drake Room has stylish piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Paul Berlin. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns, providing a background of contemplative piano music for the customers' chatter; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Old-fashioned, bilingual merriment from the real, original Borsch Circuit; dance music of all varieties. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, with Sonny Kendis's dance orchestra until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after nine-thirty, in this agreeable cranny; no dancing. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Unexciting but comfortable, with dance music by a small orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Lots of heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Not much of a show, but dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice, and Josephine Premice, a Haitian singer and dancer.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson have moved in here, and you know what *that's* like. Dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The usual lavish and boisterous floor show, pointed up by the dance team of Raye and Naldi. Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vicente Gomez, the Ellis Larkin Trio, and so many others that you are bound to run into something to suit your taste. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Well, for a starter, you'll find the Four Notes and Joseph Marais and Miranda. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Spivy turns up late in the evening with a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life. The Three Flames provide amiable music.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Max Kaminsky, Dave Tough, and Joe Sullivan; jam sessions every Tuesday night. . . . **DIXON'S,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet, showing how the rustic rhythms of night life on the other side of the Hudson can be raised to an art. . . . **AQUARIUM,** 711 Seventh Ave., at 47th St. (BR 9-8884): Lionel Hampton's band until Friday, Jan. 10, when Gene Krupa's moves in. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Miff Mole, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Tony Parenti and, on weekends, Georg Brunis, making a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday singing about the troubles a girl can have. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Red Allen's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Ray McKinley's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX**

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HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57th St.—Abstract paintings by Helen Schwinger and Marjorie McKee; through Jan. 11.

CHRISTIAN BÈRARD—First showing in years of paintings by an artist who, in the twenties, was one of the most promising of the Paris Surrealists; also, constructions by Joseph Cornell. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 11.)

PETER BLUME—A large exhibition of drawings, none of which have been shown before. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Fifteen paintings brought over from France for this exhibition. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—First editions of Piranesi's etchings "The Prisons." (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 23.)

DAVID BURLIUK—Recent paintings, done, as usual, in his bewildering mixture of Impressionism, Surrealism, and Expressionism. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

GENE CHARLTON—Still lifes and figure paintings. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 17.)

JON CORBINO—New circus scenes and horses. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

PAUL DELVAUX—One of the early Belgian Surrealists, in his first full-scale showing here. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

BURGOYNE DILLER—Paintings and constructions that will probably remind you of Mondrian. (Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58th St.; weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 18.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE—A memorial show of this artist's oils and water colors, done between 1908 and his death in 1946. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 25.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—First one-man show in this country by a young Parisian painter. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

FRENCH—An exhibition of French art, held concurrently at seven galleries for the benefit of American Aid to France; through Jan. 11. At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57th St.: Five gouaches and three oils by Rouault, shown for the first time in this country.... **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Dufy, Cézanne, Pissarro, and others.... **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Renoir, including several never exhibited here before.... **DUVEEN,** 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: French eighteenth-century Sèvres porcelain and inlaid furniture.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Watteau, Ingres, and Cézanne, as well as by some contemporary artists.... **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Manet, lent by private collectors.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Medieval and Renaissance paintings.

GROUPS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Work by this gallery's regulars, including Joe Jones, Sigmund Menkes, and Chaim Gross; through Jan. 18.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, and members of the gallery's group; through Jan. 25.... **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: Oils and gouaches by Dufy and Utrillo, as well as other paintings recently acquired by the gallery; through Jan. 30.

FREDERICK HAUCKE—More of this artist's nightmarish subjects, worked out with precision and sang-froid. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 25.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—Delicate wire sculptures. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive display of antique costumes and finery. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.)

MODERN EUROPEAN—Paintings and sculptures by Max Beckmann, Henry Moore, Henri Matisse, and others. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 28.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore; through March 16.... ¶ Lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec and aquatints by Picasso; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—The Museum's biennial group show, with paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky, Perle Fine, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5th Ave., at 89th St.—The first half of the Academy's one-hundred-and-twenty-first annual exhibition. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 22.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Recent paintings. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

JOHN ROOD—A sculptor's first one-man show of paintings. (Eggleston, 161 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

RMA ROTHSTEIN—Small sculptures in terra cotta and bronze. (Bonestell, 18 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

ANNE RYAN—Colored woodcuts. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

MAX SCHALLINGER—An Austrian painter's first solo show in New York. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

SCULPTURE—An annual roundup of small sculptures. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Thursday and Friday, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturday, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 10.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Recent water colors. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 20.)

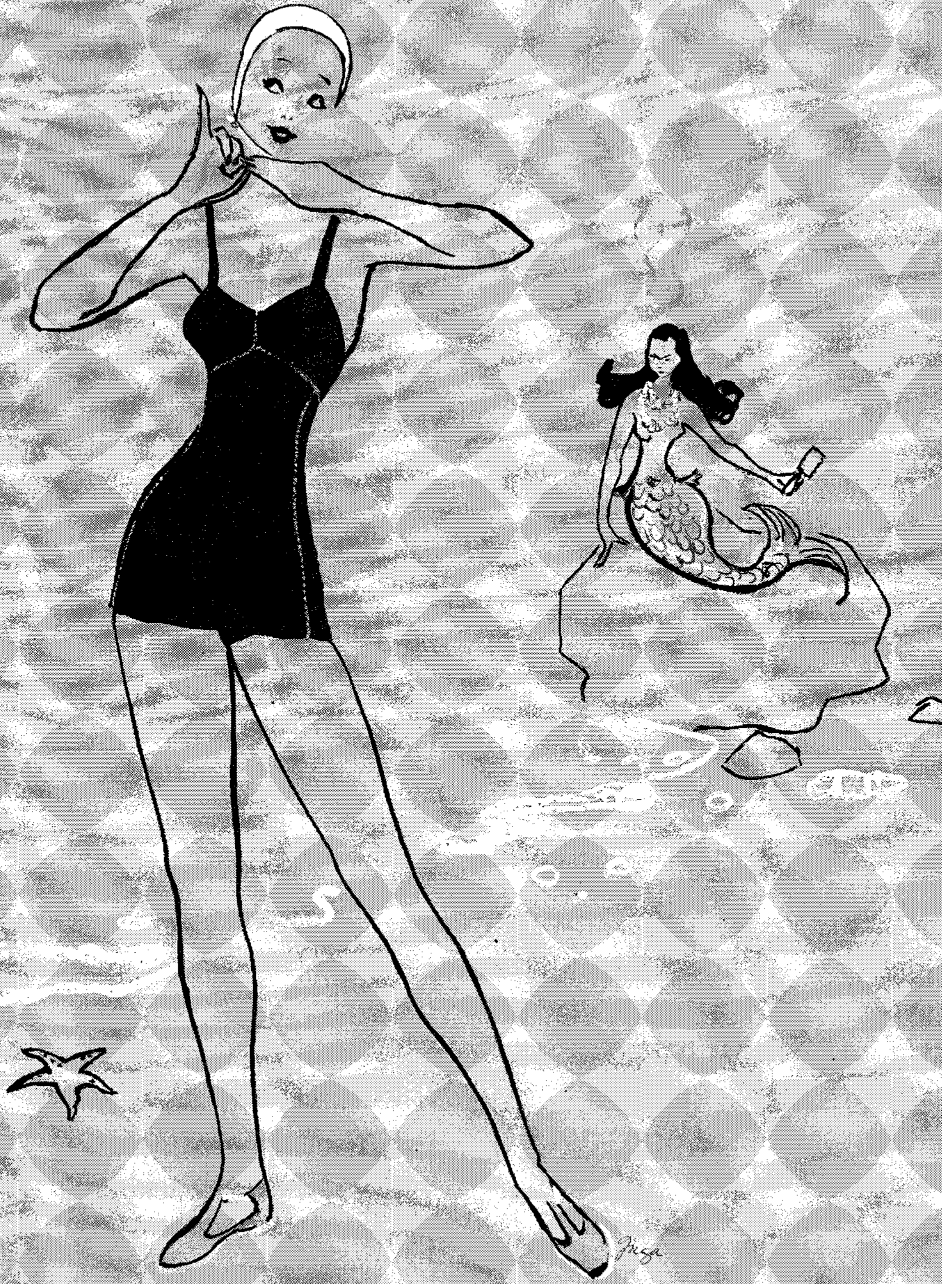
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's yearly show of work by contemporary Americans. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 19.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Otello," with Torsten Ralf, Lawrence Tibbett, and Stella Roman;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday evening, Jan. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese and Ferruccio Tagliavini; Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Warrior" (première), with Regina Resnik and Mack Harrell; and "Hänsel and Gretel," with Risë Stevens and Nadine Conner; Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . ¶ "Aïda," with Stella Roman, Blanche Thebom, and Kurt Baum; Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:15. . . . ¶ "Carmen," with Risë Stevens and Mario Berini; Sunday evening, Jan. 12, at 8 (a benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization; for information about tickets, call CH 3-3331). . . . ¶ "Rigoletto," with Jan Peerce, Lawrence Tibbett, and Patrice Munsel; Monday evening, Jan. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Lohengrin," with Dezso Ernster, Torsten Ralf, and Helen Traubel; Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ "Roméo et Juliette," with Bidu Sayao and Jussi Bjoerling; Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Ferruccio Tagliavini, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Josephine Antoine; Thursday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:15. . . . ¶ "Die Walküre," with Torsten Ralf, Helen Traubel, and Joel Berglund; Friday evening, Jan. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with Eleanor Steber and Charles Kullman; Saturday matinée, Jan. 18, at 2. . . . ¶ "Lakmé," with Patrice Munsel, Raoul Jobin, and Martial Singher; Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2:30; Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:45; and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, at 3; all with Eugene List, piano soloist. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Jan. 17, at 2:30; and Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:45.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

KNEISEL STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Kneisel conducting. (Town Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

HORTENSE MONATH—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

PAUL ROBESON—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call AL 4-7037.)

SIDNEY FOSTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

FREDELL LACK—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3.)

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA—Baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Richard Dyer-Bennet, Ella Logan, Mimi Benzell, Maxine Sullivan, and others, in a program for the benefit of Sydenham Hospital. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 11:30.)

CAMILLA WILLIAMS—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, at 3.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Alexander Schneider, violin; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; and the Guilet String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, at 5:30.)

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Benar Heifetz, cello; Erich Itor-Kahn, piano; and the Walden String Quartet. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday evening, Jan. 12, at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 6-7474.)

ELLEN OSBORN—Soprano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

BERNARDO SEGALL—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

ELISABETH SCHUMANN—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 14, at 3.)

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

LAURITZ MELCHIOR AND ELEANOR STEBER—Tenor and soprano, accompanied by a forty-piece

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

orchestra, in a program for the benefit of the Musicians' Emergency Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Mona Paulee—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Concert—Alexander Schneider, violin; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; and Daniel Saidenberg, cello. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Raya Garbousoya—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Richard Tauber—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 11:30.)

Note—The Griller Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 14, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

College Basketball—N.Y.U. vs. Duke, and St. Francis vs. West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Joseph's, and St. John's vs. Manhattan, Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. North Carolina, and L.I.U. vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Syracuse, and St. John's vs. Temple, Thursday, Jan. 16. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Tony Janiro vs. Tony Pellone, welterweights, 10 rounds, Friday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Ruby Kessler vs. Billy Graham, welterweights, 10 rounds, Friday, Jan. 17. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—Team competition—All-Eastern Intermediate Foil Championship, Thursday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ All-Eastern Intermediate Épée Championship, Tuesday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ All-Eastern Intermediate Sabre Championship, Thursday, Jan. 16. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Matches start at 7 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Jan. 15. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—Ramapo vs. Squadron A, and another Ramapo team vs. Red Bank. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations Meetings—If you are thinking of attending a meeting of the Security Council or the Atomic Energy Commission at Lake Success, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around 3 in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Fifty-odd unofficial spectators are permitted to attend the open meetings. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

Native Carvings—An exhibit showing how primitive and not so primitive peoples all over the world have made their head-hunting axes, spoons, snuff bottles, nose ornaments, and other everyday articles more aesthetically satisfying. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Motorboat Show—The urban yachting buffs' reminder that winter doesn't last forever, back again after an absence of six years. Sailboats, motor cruisers, new dodges in anchors and binnacle lights, dinghies, outboard motors, and so on, all laid out in an exhibit to make yachtsmen fret at their bonds. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Friday,

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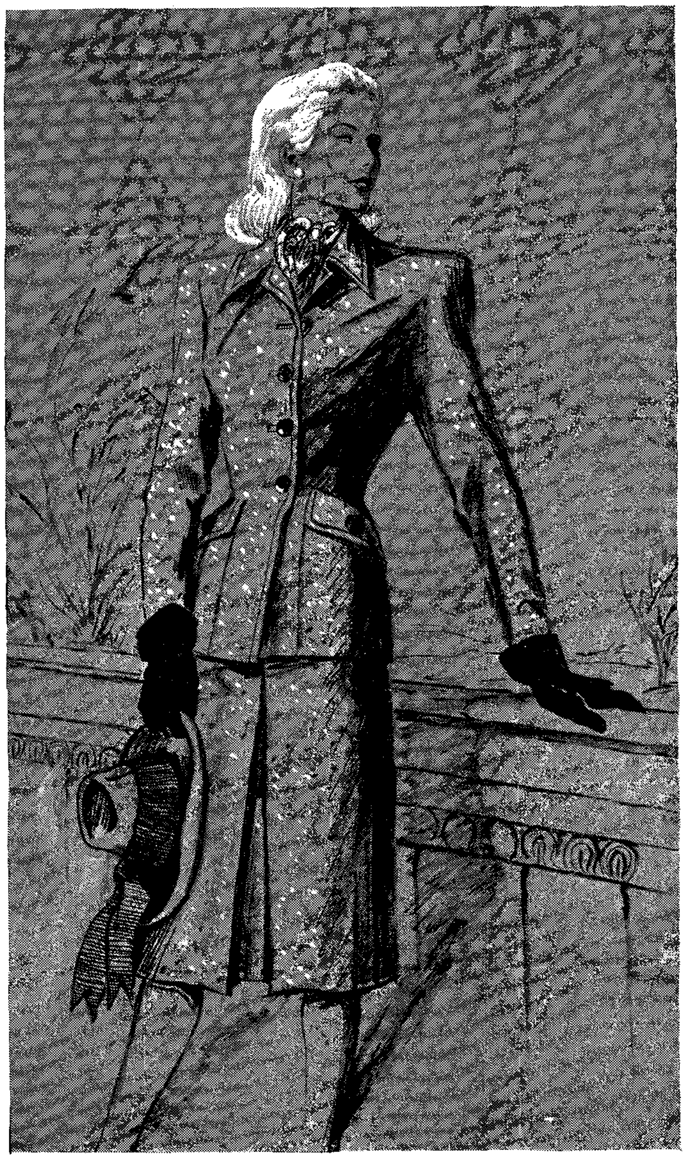

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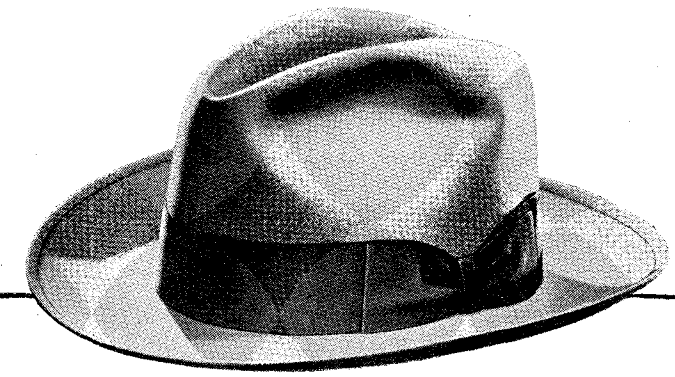

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 10, from 7 to 11 P.M.; Saturday, Jan. 11, through Saturday, Jan. 18, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Closed Sunday, Jan. 12.)

TOY THEATRES—A collection of miniature stages, set with everything, from "Mazeppa" to "Jack and the Beanstalk," assembled by Alfred Lunt for the delectation of the stage-struck of all ages. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

BROWNING COLLECTION—Memorabilia of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a show commemorating the hundredth anniversary of their marriage. (Room 318, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

PLANETARIUM—The current demonstration is called "Winter Constellations." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St.) is showing old movies from its collection on the following schedule: "Sunrise" (1927), with Janet Gaynor; and "Hands" (1928); Thursday, Jan. 9, at 4 and 8 P.M.... ¶ "Big Business" (1929), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 10-12.... ¶ "Tatters: A Tale of the Slums" (1910); and "Underworld" (1927), with Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook; Monday through Thursday, Jan. 13-16.... ¶ "Chang" (1927), directed and photographed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack; starting Friday, Jan. 17. Showings, except as noted above, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—An extensive group of paintings by well-known artists, from the Renaissance to the late nineteenth century, including work by Frans Hals, Gilbert Stuart, Gainsborough, and Tintoretto, collected by Princess Charles Murat, the late Samuel Borchard, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.; Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8 P.M.)... ¶ Chinese porcelains, paintings, and bronzes, and Japanese lacquerwork and metalwork, owned by Mrs. Honoré Palmer, the late Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 2 P.M.)... ¶ English, French, and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and objects of art, owned by Dr. Percy R. Turnure, Mrs. Honoré Palmer, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 15-18, at 2 P.M.)

NOTE—The final quarterly payment on last year's income tax is due on Wednesday, Jan. 15.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "The Warrior" (première), with Mack Harrell, and "Hänsel and Gretel," with Risë Stevens, Saturday, Jan. 11; "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with Eleanor Steber and Charles Kullman, Saturday, Jan. 18; both at 2 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra: Igor Stravinsky conducting, Saturday, Jan. 11; and Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Jan. 18; both at 5 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Eugene Szenkar conducting, Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Minneapolis Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Josef Hofmann, piano, Monday, Jan. 13, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.

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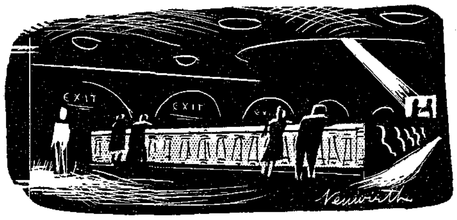
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW

Brief Encounter—A tender and touching British film for grown-up moviegoers. It tells the story of a married woman and a doctor she meets by chance. Beautifully played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—George Bernard Shaw's conception of the conqueror. Shaw's wit, Claude Rains' skill, and Vivien Leigh's beauty combine, in Technicolor, to make a highly diverting, if somewhat long, film. (Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; and Olympia, B'way at 107th; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; from Jan. 15.)

Henry V—Any superlatives you have handy may well be applied to Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Golden, 252 W. 45th; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Jericho—Except for an unbelievable and melodramatic finale, this film about the French Resistance movement, which deals mostly with fifty hostages awaiting their last dawn, is up to the high standard French pictures have been setting right along. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th.)

The Killers—Hemingway's short story, expanded into one of the best of recent gangster films. With Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Jan. 10-13.)

Open City—A taut, intense description of the workings of the Italian underground, made in Rome after the city's liberation. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Overlanders—The protagonists of this semi-documentary drama of the Australian cow country during the war are a thousand bullocks. The film follows them all the way from the Northern Territory of Australia to Queensland, fifteen hundred miles to the southeast, to demonstrate how part of a great migration of antipodean livestock was effected when it looked as if the Japanese were due to arrive on the north shore at any minute. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd; Jan. 9.)

Two Years Before the Mast—A rousing version of the Richard Dana book about the U.S. merchant marine in the days of wooden ships and iron men. Howard da Silva is superb as a captain nearly as tough as Bligh. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Jan. 12-15.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French film that proves that seduction and its consequences are not always as grim as they are made out to be. The late Raimu and his associates make it one you probably will want to see. (Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; starting Jan. 11.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 12-15.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Jan. 9.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; from Jan. 14.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; starting Jan. 14.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—A parody of crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Jan. 13-14.)

Hymn of the Nations (1946)—Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Hymn." (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Jan. 10.)

The Last Chance (1945)—A Swiss film dealing with refugees fleeing from Italy to Switzerland. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Jan. 10-13.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard da Silva. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; through Jan. 13.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Jan. 9.)

Portrait of a Woman (1946)—In French, with Françoise Rosay playing four parts. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Jan. 10.)

Saratoga Trunk (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; Jan. 11-15.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job, about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 9.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," again done, as you might suspect, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Coliseum, B'way at 181st; Jan. 14.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Jan. 14-15.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz bringing music to the lower East Side. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Jan. 9.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film about a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; starting Jan. 11.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some more Hitchcock excitement. (Alden, B'way at 67th; through Jan. 11.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Jan. 9.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, dancing to Irving Berlin music. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 10-13. . . . ¶ Alden, B'way at 67th; Jan. 12-13.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of a tedious marriage by the war. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; starting Jan. 14.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Studio, B'way at 65th; starting Jan. 15.)

The Westerner (1940)—Plains, homesteaders, saloons, gun fights, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 10-13. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Jan. 14.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; starting Jan. 14.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Best Years of Our Lives," Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Secret Heart," Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy," Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"It's a Wonderful Life," James Stewart, Donna Reed.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through Jan. 10: "Abie's Irish Rose," Joanne Dru, Richard Norris, Michael Chekhov.
From Jan. 11: "Ladies' Man," Eddie Bracken, Cass Daley.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Humoresque," Joan Crawford, John Garfield.

Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Till the Clouds Roll By," all-star cast, including Robert Walker, Judy Garland, and Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Song of the South," full-length Walt Disney film.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Jan. 14: "Cross My Heart," Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts.
From Jan. 15: "The Perfect Marriage," Loretta Young, David Niven.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
Jan. 9: **THE OVERLANDERS.**
From Jan. 10: "Murder in Reverse," William Hartnell.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Jan. 13: "My Darling Clementine," Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell.
From Jan. 14: "California," Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Razor's Edge," Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 15: "The Return of Monte Cristo," Louis Hayward, Barbara Britton.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"The Beast with Five Fingers," Peter Lorre, Robert Alda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through Jan. 14: "The Wicked Lady," Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Patricia Roc.
From Jan. 15 (tentative): "A Swell Guy," Ann Blyth, Sonny Tufts.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Jan. 10: "Queen for a Night" (in Swedish); and "First Love" (in Swedish), revival, Ingrid Bergman.
From Jan. 11: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY**, revival; and **THEY WERE FIVE**, revival.

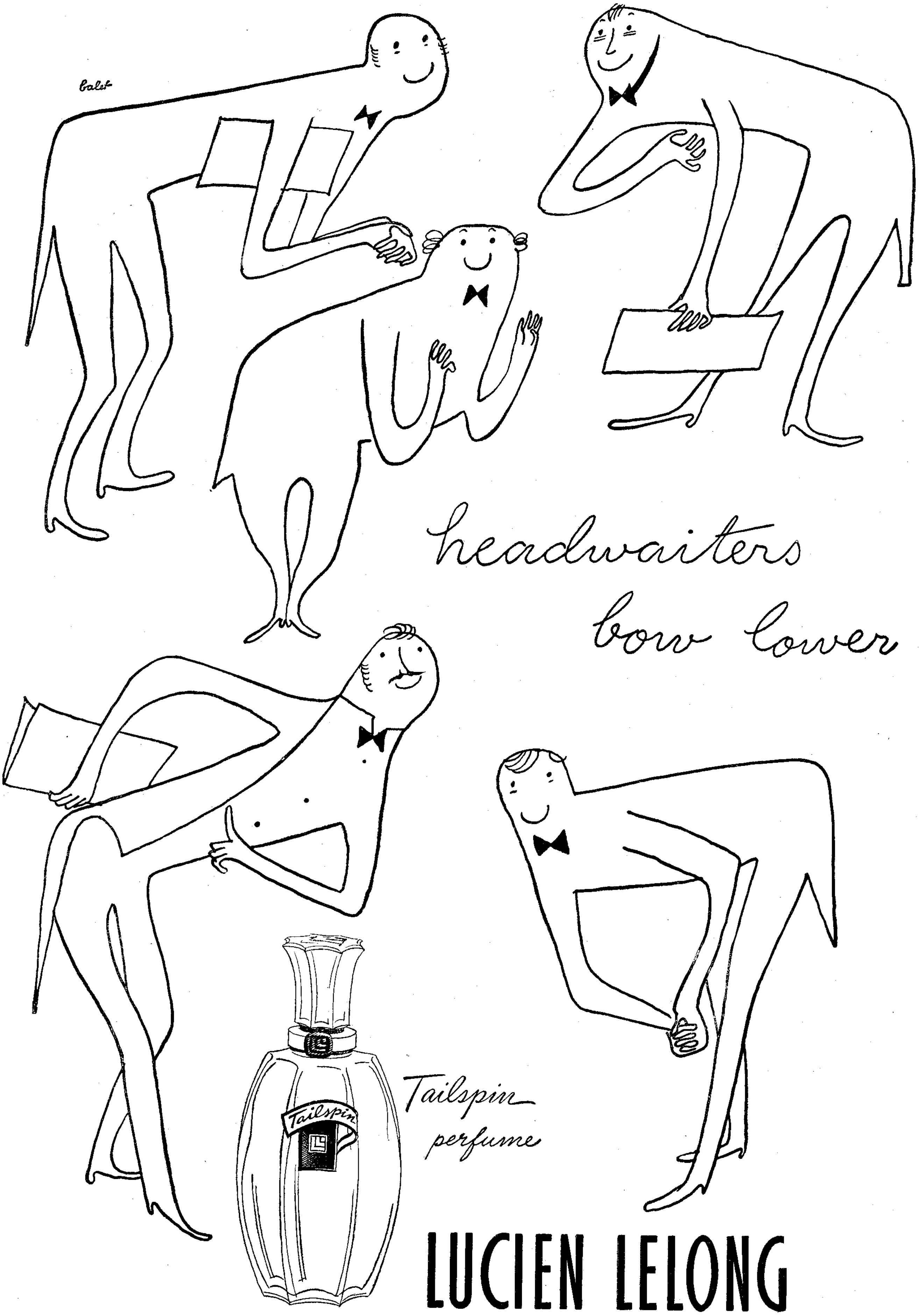
55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
JERICHO.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-5087)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. (Showings, Mondays through Fridays, at 2:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays at 2:30, 5, 7:30, and 10 P.M.; and Sundays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30 P.M.)

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Stone Flower" (in Russian).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.


headwaiters
bow lower
Tailspin
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B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Note on Literary Mugwumpery: One of the Doubleday bookshops in Grand Central Terminal offers, side by side, "Inflation Is Coming," by Ralph Borsodi ($1), and "No Inflation Coming," by William J. Baxter ($1).

Physician, Heal Thyself Note: For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1946, the Harvard School of Business Administration showed a deficit of $186,809.71.

Porridge Note: Quaker Oats, a cereal that had to cook for about ten minutes, was succeeded a few years ago by Quick Quaker Oats, which had to cook for only three minutes, and this has now been succeeded by Instant Quaker Oats, which is cooked as soon as it hits boiling water. The research department is already working on Atomic Quaker Oats, which will cook itself in the bowl.

On the eve of the seating of the Eightieth Congress, a dispatch from Northern Rhodesia reported that efforts are being made there to have women declared eligible to serve on provincial councils, and a Rhodesian tribal chief named Musokatwane was quoted as saying, in connection with the proposal, "A woman is a big man. If you teach one woman, it means that you have taught a thousand people." Assuming that the Chief's remarks were accurately conveyed across the tangling jungle and the pounding sea, it must be presumed that women have a potent and widespread influence in his domain. His point of view is in sharp opposition to that of another notable of the British Empire, Mr. Bernard Shaw, who not long ago told a group of New York clubwomen that woman suffrage is a flop in that the enjoyment of it by Americans has failed to place in public office a number of ladies anywhere near proportionate to the female population. The Eightieth Congress includes not one lady senator, and there are only seven women among the House's four hundred and thirty-five members. According to Mr. Shaw, there would have been two hundred and ten more female members if woman suffrage had been a complete success. On the other hand, according to Chief Musokatwane, the Big Seven are the equivalent of seven thousand trousered legislators. Torn between these clashes of distinguished opinion, we couldn't make up our mind whether to greet the Eightieth Congress with confidence or misgivings. The Eightieth Congress went ahead and convened anyway.

One of our readers in Vermont, apparently a crusty character, writes to inform us that this year, when it came time to replace the old cloth hunting cap he has been wearing winters, he let the local storekeeper talk him into buying a "polar cap," lined with fleece, on the ground that it was warmer and more modern. When he got it home, he discovered, tied to it, a brochure entitled "A Message from 'Joe Alpaca,'" which he sent us. It reads:

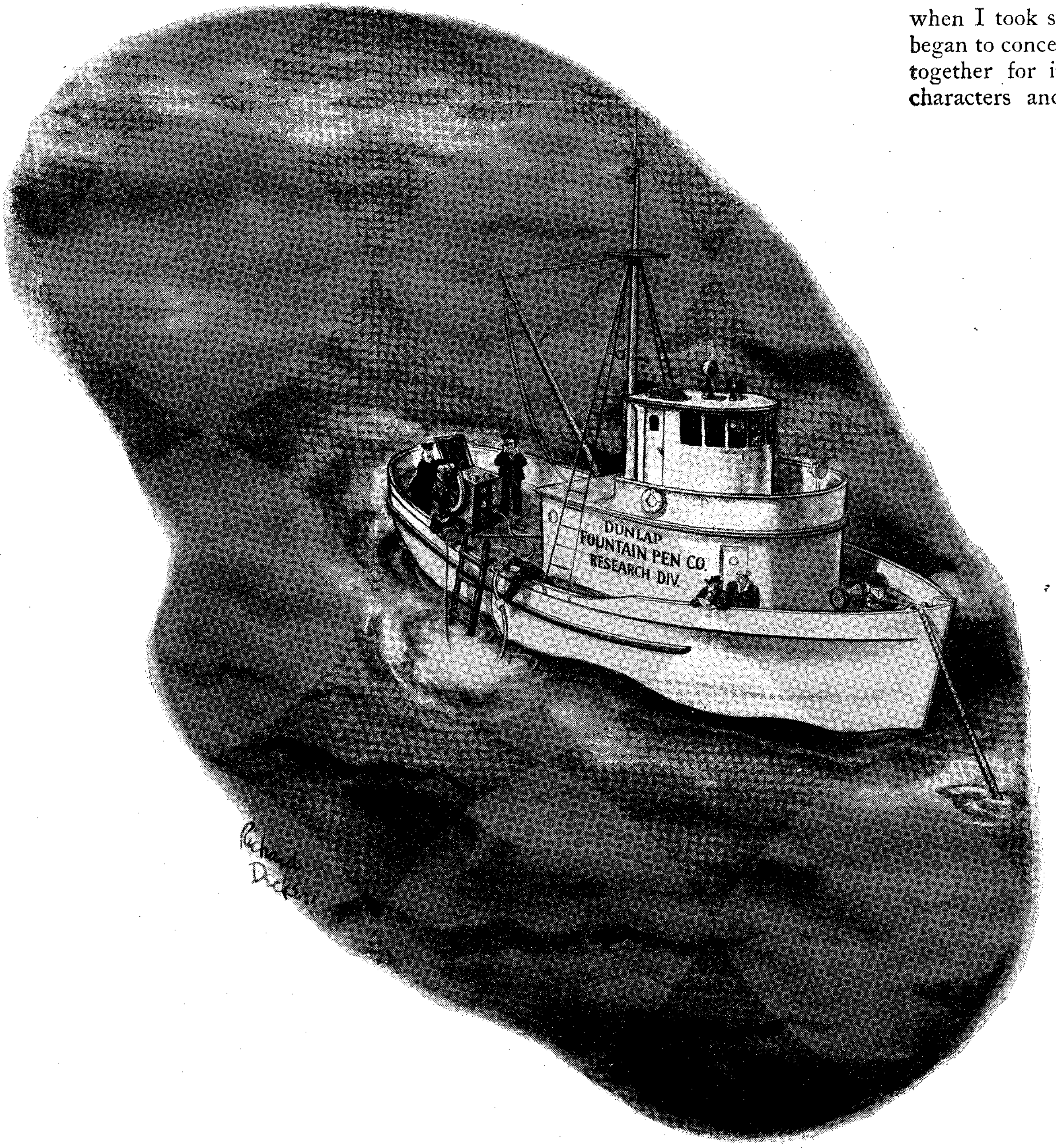
> I was born high up in the Andes Mountains of Peru, the land of the Incas and perpetual snow. My mother tells me that I am the aristocratic cousin of the camel and llama.
>
> Nature gave me a fine, long, glossy fleece to protect me from the extreme cold and rain.
>
> Once, every two years, I get my hair cut—really just thinned, for if it was closely cut I would perish from the cold.
>
> My sheared hair is then sent to the market from where it starts on a long journey to the Timme Tuft Mills, to be woven into a soft, fleece-like pile fabric, which is very warm and light in weight. I am told that this fabric doesn't mat down or waterspot and, because it is natural in color and not dyed, it will not fade.
>
> The fabric is made into luxurious 'O-D' garments that are comfortable and wear almost forever.
>
> I don't like to boast, but I am proud that the aristocrat of sport garments is made from my fleece.
>
> Signed
> "Joe Alpaca"

"This sort of thing may go all right in New York," our correspondent adds, "but up here we don't like to be patronized by our winter clothing."

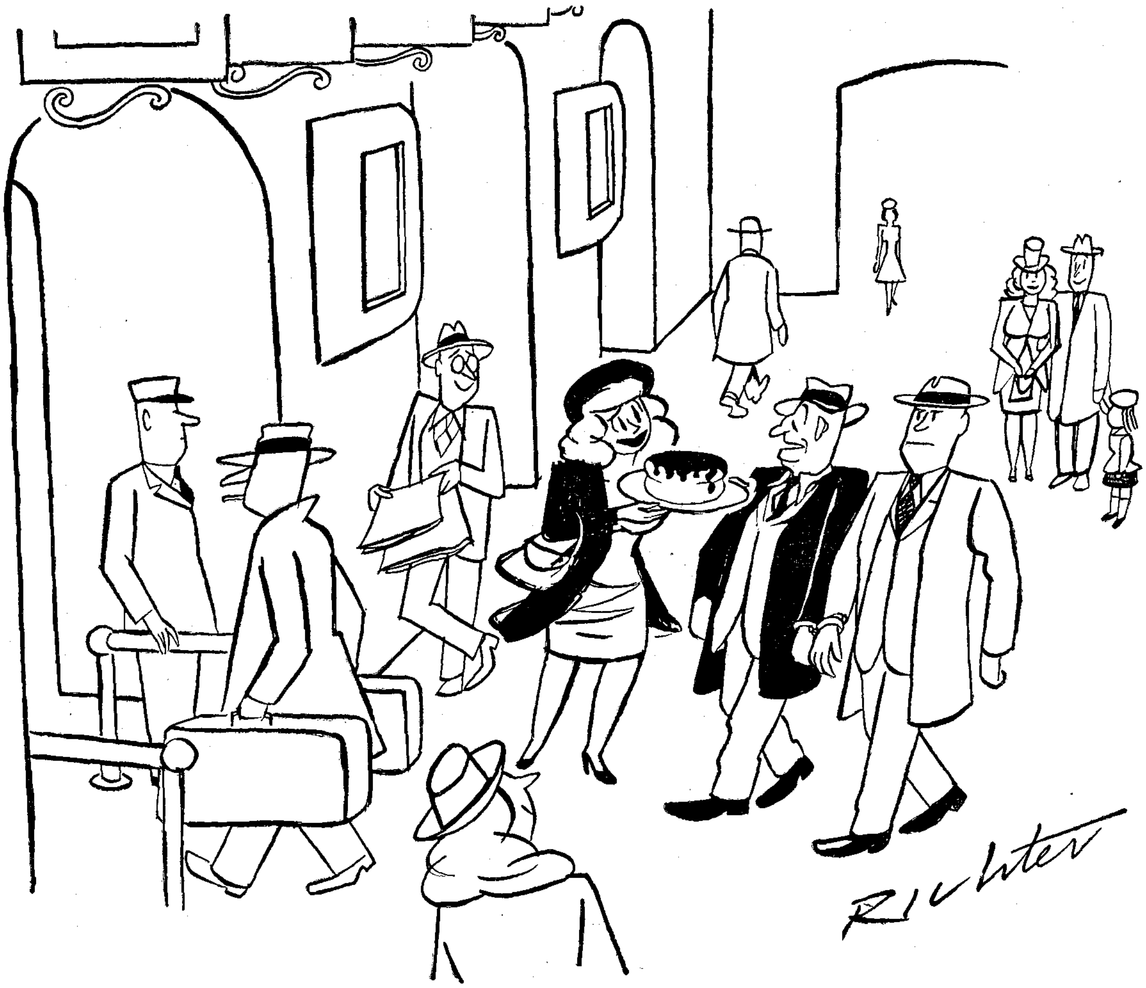
Dr. William D. Stroud, Professor of Cardiology at the University of Pennsylvania's Graduate School of Medicine, told a recent meeting of the American College of Physicians that the best antidote for the bad effects of tobacco in cases of heart disease is alcohol, because it dilates the heart muscle's arteries, which nicotine tends to contract. The man with a bad heart can stay pretty healthy, he reported, "going through life with a cigar in one hand and a highball in the other." Not, fortunately, being personally interested in this bit of information, we pass it on to the editors of our new contemporary, *Drink*, which is billed as "the magazine for consumers of alcoholic beverages," in the hope that it may not be too late for them to change the name of their publication to *Smoke & Drink* and to proclaim it "the magazine for healthy living."

All during the nineteenth century, toy theatres provided pleasant and edifying diversion for English, French, and German children, who organized their toy theatres by building a stage a couple of feet square and fitting it out with actors and scenery cut from sheets that publishers then printed, as newspapers print comic sections today. Manipulating the various figures with strings or wires, they could manage some fairly formidable productions, ranging all the way from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," complete with Eliza crossing cardboard ice, to "Mazeppa," with a horse going lickety-split up a mountain. The artists who made drawings for the toy-theatre sets were seldom hacks. William Blake did the drawings for a miniature melodrama called "The Broken Heart," in 1816, and such eminents as Dighton, Heath, and the Cruikshanks, Robert and George, regularly took a hand at the business. Stevenson and Dickens were enthusiastic about toy theatres, and each bestowed his literary accolade upon them—Stevenson in "Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured," and Dickens in "A Christmas Tree." Dickens frequently alarmed his neighbors by entertaining his children with a toy-theatre version of "The Miller and His Men," which wound up with a fierce explosion, entailing the use of a considerable quantity of gunpowder.

We learned the foregoing during part of an afternoon spent with Alfred Lunt at the Museum of the City of New York. Mr. Lunt has what is probably the greatest collection of toy-theatre paraphernalia in the world, and he's arranged a display of quite a bit of it at the Museum—twenty-two little stages set up in glass-fronted shadow boxes, each electrically illuminated, and several hundred sheets of drawings, for the elements of others, hung on the walls. A good many people were milling about when we arrived, but we easily spotted Lunt, towering above them. "Kept me up to my elbows in pasteboard and glue for five weeks," he said. "Everybody in the company has been giving me a hand. I got the idea for mounting the stages in these white-and-black frames from looking at jewellers' windows on Fifth Avenue, and I thought hanging red drapes and a bit of greenery around this place would make it look more dramatic. I had a terrible time cleaning them all up, but you know the rule of vaudeville: 'Always hit a fresh town with a new ground cloth and clean underwear.' Actually, you know, this hasn't been as persistent a hobby with me as some people think. I had one of these toy theatres out in Milwaukee when I was nine, and when I took sick a year later, I really began to concentrate on putting designs together for it. I drew all my own characters and scenery—my God, I was fearless—and even tossed a few of King Arthur's knights into 'Parsifal,' just to give my talent range." Mr. Lunt elbowed his way across the room to show us some of his boyhood drawings, which he never got around to pasting up into sets—a scene full of carefree vegetation, and a group of sketches that amiably mingle characters from Wagner and Tennyson. "As I was telling you," he said, "I've been far from persistent in this hobby. I dropped it at thirteen, and forty years elapsed before I picked it up again. That was during the war days in England. I began to collect toy-theatre sheets everywhere we went with 'O Mistress Mine,' and, you know, we got as far as Bayreuth. The theatres are still to be had in England, France, and Germany, but they're rather hard to come by over here. They cost anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars, and I'd


DUNLAP
FOUNTAIN PEN CO.
RESEARCH DIV.

say I've bought four or five thousand dollars' worth. They've been great fun for me, but not as much as they were when I used to shoot mice and gophers, out in Wisconsin, to make rugs for the sets, and knock off a rabbit to make something that would look really impressive." We asked Mr. Lunt about the future of his toy theatres once the exhibit is over. "There you have me," he said. "Certainly our place in Wisconsin isn't big enough to accommodate all these, and the Museum certainly can't keep them around. I want to give them away, but I'm not sure to whom. Maybe the University of Wisconsin would like to have them. You know, whether you collect porcelain, furniture, toy theatres, or cash, there comes a time when you've got enough. And I'm rather weary of prowling around antique shops run by ladies whose hair, as a friend of mine has described it, looks as though it had been arranged by the A. & P."



"No, no! Not yet, dear, not yet."

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Incidental Intelligence: Among the numerous government agencies that have vanished recently were the Alley Dwelling Authority and the Disaster Loan Corporation.

A candidate for an M.A. degree at Brooklyn College has prepared a thesis entitled "A Study of the Rhetorical Practices of Fiorello H. LaGuardia."

The Cathrita Dance Studio, in the Hotel Duane, has posted a sign reading, "Special Pains Given to Beginners."

Explanation

THE turnover of employees has become so serious a problem with a big downtown business enterprise that the president decided to get to the bottom of the matter himself. He worked out a questionnaire calling for salient facts, had it mimeographed, and forwarded it to department heads with a request that a form be filled out for every man who had left the employ of the company during the past year. There was a pile of returns on his desk when he arrived next morning, but the first one he examined didn't help his analysis any, although it was interesting and informative enough down to the last space to be filled out—"Reason for leaving." Here the sub-executive involved had set down, succinctly, "Murdered."

Yogurt

"YUM, yum, I guess I'll have another *iaurt*" is a familiar remark in the Balkans, where this milk product, known over here as yogurt, is widely lapped up by the inhabitants, who, perhaps as a result, often live to be a hundred. Having learned that there has been an impressive local boom in yogurt consumption, possibly as a consequence of the internationalizing influence of the United Nations personnel, we propose to go into the subject here, so that people who take to the habit will know what they are doing.

In the Balkans, sour milk becomes yogurt by a process of nature, because of indigenous rod-shaped bacteria known as *Bacilli bulgarici*; in other places, these bacilli have to be added. In this country, the work is being performed almost exclusively by Dannon Milk Products, Inc., a Long Island City firm, whose president is Mr. Daniel Carasso. Mr. Carasso is a second-generation yogurt man, his father having started production, in Barcelona, about thirty-five years ago. Carasso *fils* opened a yogurt plant in Paris in 1927; his Long Island City period dates from 1941. Last year, he sold three million jars. We called on him the other day, and he told us that *Bacillus bulgaricus* was first isolated in yogurt by Professor Metchnikoff, a former head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and that it was originally sold in France as a medicine (on the theory that it reduced the number of harmful bacteria in the body) but is now regarded, at least by Mr. Carasso, as a milk food for one and all, sick or hale. It is such a staple in France that a French movie, "Extenuating Circumstances," shows a jar of yogurt in a refrigerator opened by a couple of burglars, who were doubtless hoping for pâté de foie gras. (Yogurt keeps ten days in a refrigerator.)

"It's the only milk product that you can eat *or* drink," Mr. Carasso said, hospitably setting an open jar of yogurt in front of us. "If you don't like its slightly tart taste, you can add sugar, honey, jam, jelly, and so forth. You can put it on berries, cold cereals, vegetables, or salads. The time to eat it is very elastic—with dessert, breakfast, or for children coming home from school in the afternoon." We took a 10 A.M. taste while Mr. Carasso advised us that yogurt contains two hundred million bacteria to the cubic centimeter and its fanciers include Gayelord Hauser, Greta Garbo, Lawrence Tibbett, and many of the United Nations people. "When the Assembly was still in session, the United Nations' cafeteria sold three hundred jars of yogurt a day," Mr. Carasso said dreamily. "I had to take some over in my own car when they ran short. We don't like to emphasize the clinical side, because all those bacteria scare laymen. We are now on WQXR—the 'Luncheon Concert'—because we felt it has the kind of audience that will have the least resistance." Yogurt, we gathered, builds up resistance to practically everything except more yogurt.

Mr. Carasso intimated that his baby cannot be produced by amateurs, because the bacteria culture, prepared fresh every day at his plant, has to be skillfully treated to effect the removal of harmful bacteria, which grow along with the kind that may help natives of the Balkans to become centenarians. Dannon yogurt is distributed chiefly in and around New York, since it tends to become even more sour on long trips, and is tenderly handled in the firm's own trucks, so that it won't be jiggled out of its custardlike appearance. This is a psychological hazard. "The quality doesn't change, but the yogurt doesn't look as nice," said Carasso, handing us a leaflet that referred to his product as "the perfect, easily digested treat." He hopes in time to have plants throughout the country, so that people in Ohio and California may enjoy the benefits of the Balkans and the East. "We are not dairymen, we are laboratory men," he said as we went off. "Yogurt is a wonderful milk food. I eat at least a jar a day." Mr. Carasso is almost bald, but he seemed to be otherwise in good shape.

Clear

A MILD-MANNERED lady has finally wound up a protracted correspondence with her bank over a matter which, though trifling to begin with, became, as the months went by, more and more important and exasperating to her. As an example of the perfectly schooled executive mind at work, we take pleasure in printing in full the bank's parting shot:

DEAR MRS. SHEPARD:

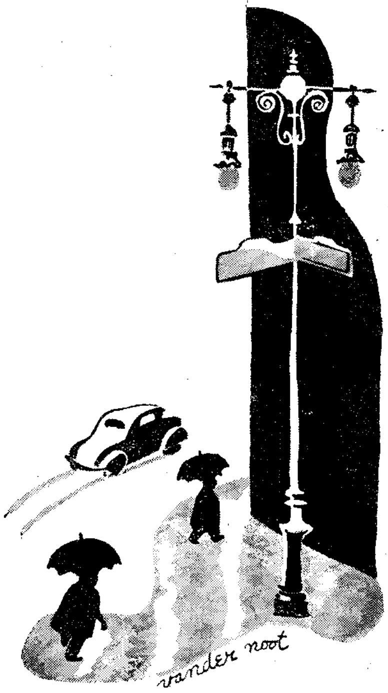
In response to your letter of July 26, 1946, referring to a letter of June 6, 1946, your letter of October 4, 1946, referring to a letter of September 10, 1946, your letter of November 13, 1946, referring to a letter of November 2, 1946, and your letter of January 4, 1947, referring to a letter of December 10, 1946, respectively, we advise you as follows:

It has been and a copy is enclosed, it was and a copy is enclosed, a copy is enclosed, and it was and a copy is enclosed.

Very truly yours,
R—— E——
Assistant Vice-President

Understanding

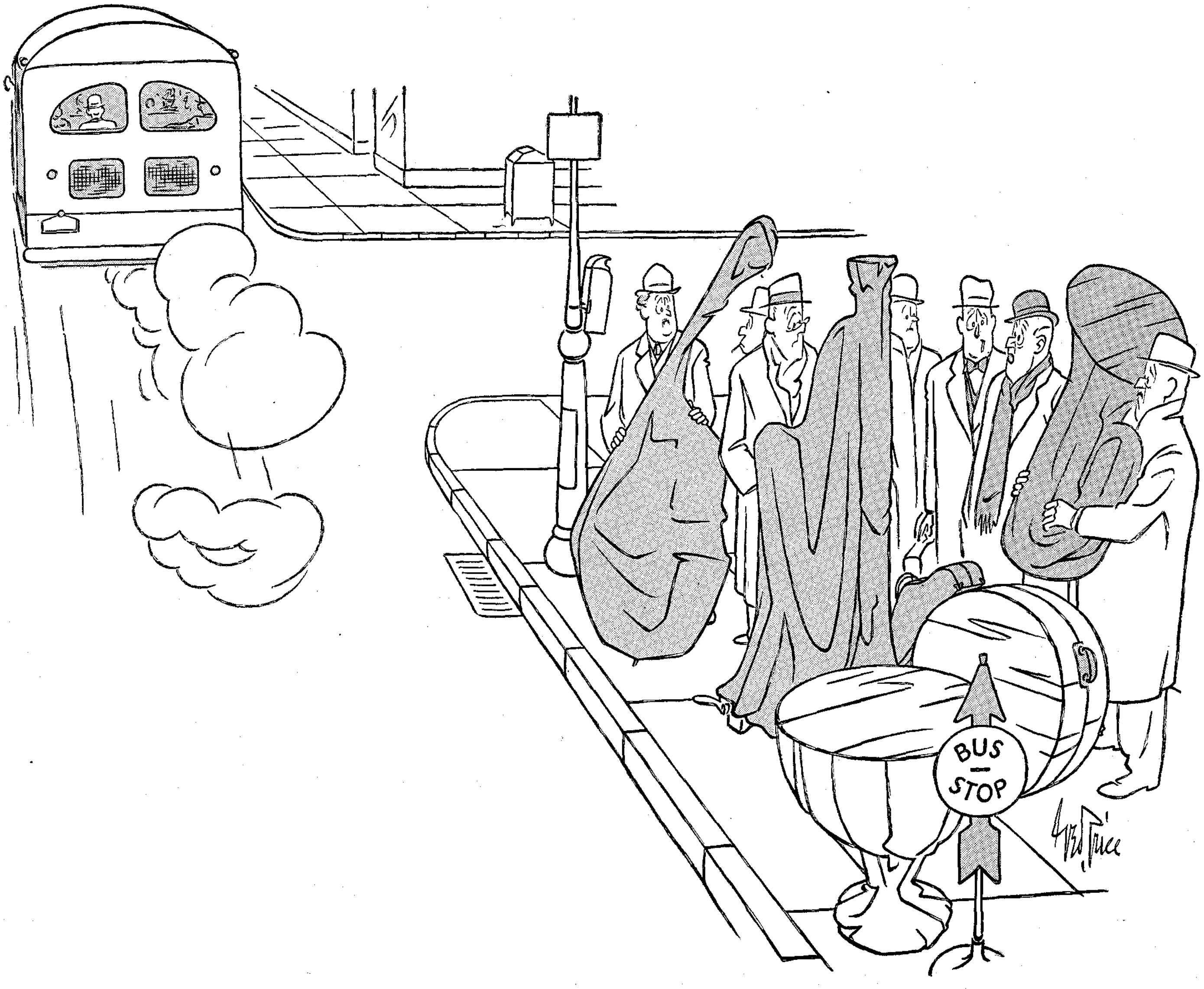
A FATHER got fuddled in handling his pre-Christmas correspondence, with the result that his mother received an order for a crying doll and F. A. O. Schwarz got a lock of his three-year-old daughter's hair. Everything was straightened out readily. The grandmother promptly rejected the doll order and Schwarz's returned the tress with a covering letter indicating its complete awareness that such things happen and hoping for his continued favor.



Gay Outpouring

WE were spending a humdrum afternoon in the office last week when the phone rang and we found ourself talking to Mrs. Sidney C. Borg, a director of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, who gave us a flash that early next month at the Waldorf this worthy outfit is going to put on a party evoking the spirit of a ball that took place in 1889 at the Metropolitan Opera House to celebrate the centennial of George Washington's inauguration, and that a dress rehearsal was about to be held at the home of Mrs. Walter S. Mack, Jr. We made for a brass pole, slid down, hailed a cab, and commanded, "907 Fifth Avenue—Mrs. Walter Mack's." "Ah, yes," said the cabdriver, consulting a copy of *Who's Who*. "Walter Staunton Mack, Jr., president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, treasurer of the Police Athletic League, Elk."

At the Mack apartment, a model of indoor cleanliness, we met Mrs. Frothingham Wagstaff, president of the O.C.A. "We plan to reproduce the atmosphere of the Centennial Celebration Ball," she told us. "I wish I could show you the program, an heirloom in my family, but I left it at home. It tells about the terrific time the committee had in making the preliminary arrangements when Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish both wanted to dance with Ward McAllister in the opening quadrille." Miss Ruth Maier, a publicity lady, presented us to a girl completely hidden in a mask and a Victorian dress. "Meet Lillian Russell," Miss Maier said. "As I remember Lillian Russell, the costume should be different," said Mrs. Wagstaff. Lillian Russell doffed her mask and stood revealed as a pretty girl, who, it was explained, was Miss Dale Thompson, a current débutante. We next met Isadora Duncan, Anna Held, and a couple of Florodora Girls, who turned out to be the Misses Margaret Bitting, Vivi Asche, Anne-Marie Schwob, and Judith Wagstaff, respectively. "I feel slightly as though somebody were choking me to death," said Miss Wagstaff as she emerged from her mask. "I'm afraid those masks *are* rather uncomfortable," said Mrs. Wagstaff. "They're just for the gag, when the doors are thrown open," Miss Maier said, adding that she meant



"If the next one passes us by, we better split up."

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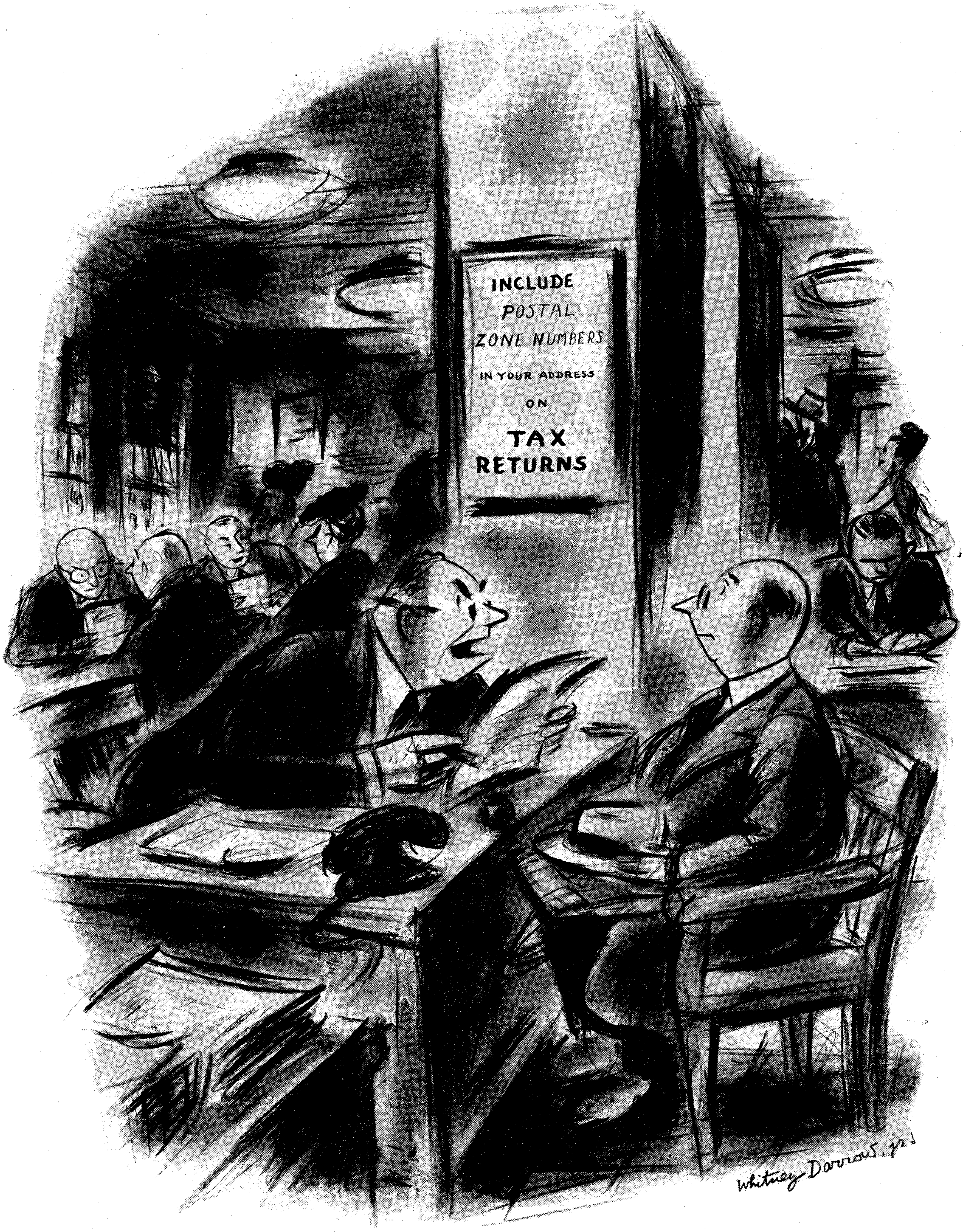
the doors to the Midnight Supper Room, which will be a reproduction of Rector's and will be opened on the stroke of twelve. "This wonderful little Staples girl is in charge of the costumes and decoration of our supper room," said President Wagstaff, introducing us to Miss Cecilia Staples, of Staples-Smith, Inc., a window-display firm. "George Rector will greet the guests," Miss Staples said. "We had lunch with him today. He's old but wonderful. He'll wear a hand-painted tie with a covered wagon on it. Mrs. Wagstaff is wonderful, too. I never thought a thing about outdoor cleanliness till I met her, but now I think about it all the time." She introduced us to Mr. Lester Gaba, who is in charge of the activities in the Midnight Supper Room. These will include a professional show conjuring up the spirit of the early nineteen-hundreds. "Mr. Gaba is wonderful," said Miss Staples. "They were having this big dinner, so we worked out a few things," Mr. Gaba said. "I see it as a very gay outpouring of girls in costume."

In another room, we found Mr. Tommy Weber, a professional photographer, taking pictures of Mrs. Mack posed at a tea table. "Would you like tea, a cocktail, or a Pepsi?" Mrs. Mack asked us. "We're a liaison with the city," said Mrs. Wagstaff, who had rejoined us. "We give flags for cleanliness, just as they gave 'E' for excellence during the war. We were inactive during the war, but now, with the United Nations coming here, we must make New York the cleanest city in the world. General Gross is putting up our posters in the subway." She seated herself on a sofa, flanked by Miss Staples and Mr. Gaba, and commenced a pep talk to a score of debs and young men sitting in the room. Four of the latter were wearing masks, representing Caruso, Teddy Roosevelt, Thomas Edison, and Mark Twain. "We want you to bring back the old world of New York to the ball, and we're going to raffle off a new Ford station wagon, which I hope you'll all buy books for," she began. We departed.

Old Story

A HAMBURGER institution on Madison Avenue has a sign in the window reading, "For those who prefer the best may we suggest Angus-Burger." Fellow went in, settled himself, and asked a waitress what an Angus-Burger is. "It's a hamburger," she said, a note of weariness in her voice. "But what's the dif—?" "None," she said.


INCLUDE
POSTAL
ZONE NUMBERS
IN YOUR ADDRESS
ON
TAX
RETURNS
Whitney Darrow, jr.

"*Well, why* *didn't* *you earn as much as you estimated?*"

NOT ALWAYS

DINNER, the Langleys had been informed, was at seven, and the hotel manager's tone strongly implied promptly at seven. The Langleys' ship had been delayed in docking at Hamilton that day and they had got ashore quite late for lunch—so late, in fact, that while they were eating it in the hotel restaurant, Mr. Langley said to his wife, "They're not just *giving* us lunch. They're *conferring* it upon us, like the O.B.E."

"What's the O.B.E.? I thought that was a Japanese kimono," said Mrs. Langley.

"It is," said Langley. In twenty-some years, he had not learned to refrain from little jokes, but he had learned not to try to explain them.

"It is not. It's probably something dirty. What does it mean? Is it something to do with fairies?"

"I'd rather not say," said Mr. Langley. They sat through the rest of their lunch in silence, most of which, Langley knew, was on his wife's part a thoughtful silence devoted to working up a naughty meaning for the initials of the Order of the British Empire. The Langleys were the only guests in the dining room, so there was nothing to do but eat and leave.

The hotel was not a licensed premises, but in the afternoon Mr. Langley had the foresight to buy gin and vermouth. He mixed a pint of Martinis in a well-worn travelling cocktail shaker. When the dinner bell rang, he was hungry and at peace with the world and with his wife. The food was not good, but it was edible and warm, and he listened to and agreed with his wife's comments on the way the dining room was done and how it could have been improved upon, and her comments on the other women in the room.

"Don't seem to be many people here," he said. "Quite a few empty tables."

"That's because a lot of people are going back on the boat we came on."

"I suppose so," he said. He felt good enough to refrain from pointing out that that ship was not sailing until the next afternoon.

"You can't see her, but there's a woman two tables behind you on your left. She looks exactly like that Mrs. — I-don't-think-you-know-her. I see her at the field trials."

"Mrs. Thursby."

"Yes! How did you guess?" she asked.

"Psychic," he said. "You ought to know that."

"You must have noticed her on the way in, except you don't know Mrs. Thursby. Only, it wasn't psychic, because it doesn't happen to *be* Mrs. Thursby. But I wonder what made you say that name. Tell me. I'm interested."

"Oh, I just happened to think that this was Monday, and the day after the day after tomorrow is Thursby."

"Oh, bushwah! Melvin, I'm interested."

"Well, if you must know, whenever I think of field trials, I somehow think of bitches, and that's what you think of Mrs. Thursby."

"I do not! I never said that," said Mrs. Langley. "I may have thought it, but I never said it."

"Precisely. I didn't say you said it. I said that's what you thought of her."

"How did you know that?" asked Mrs. Langley. "I don't remember ever discussing her with you—or anybody else, for that matter."

"I told you I was psychic," he said.

"Psychic!" She jabbed her fork into piece after piece of the chicken à la king. "In a minute, I'll begin to believe you had an affair with her." She kept looking down at the food until she finished the sentence, then looked up quickly to try to catch him in a guilty facial expression. She always did that when she wasn't sure, and it never worked.

"You hit it," he said. "We're a big thing, Mrs. Thursby and I."

"Really? You must tell me all about it sometime. You always do."

"Oh, come on, Vic, let's cut this out," he said.

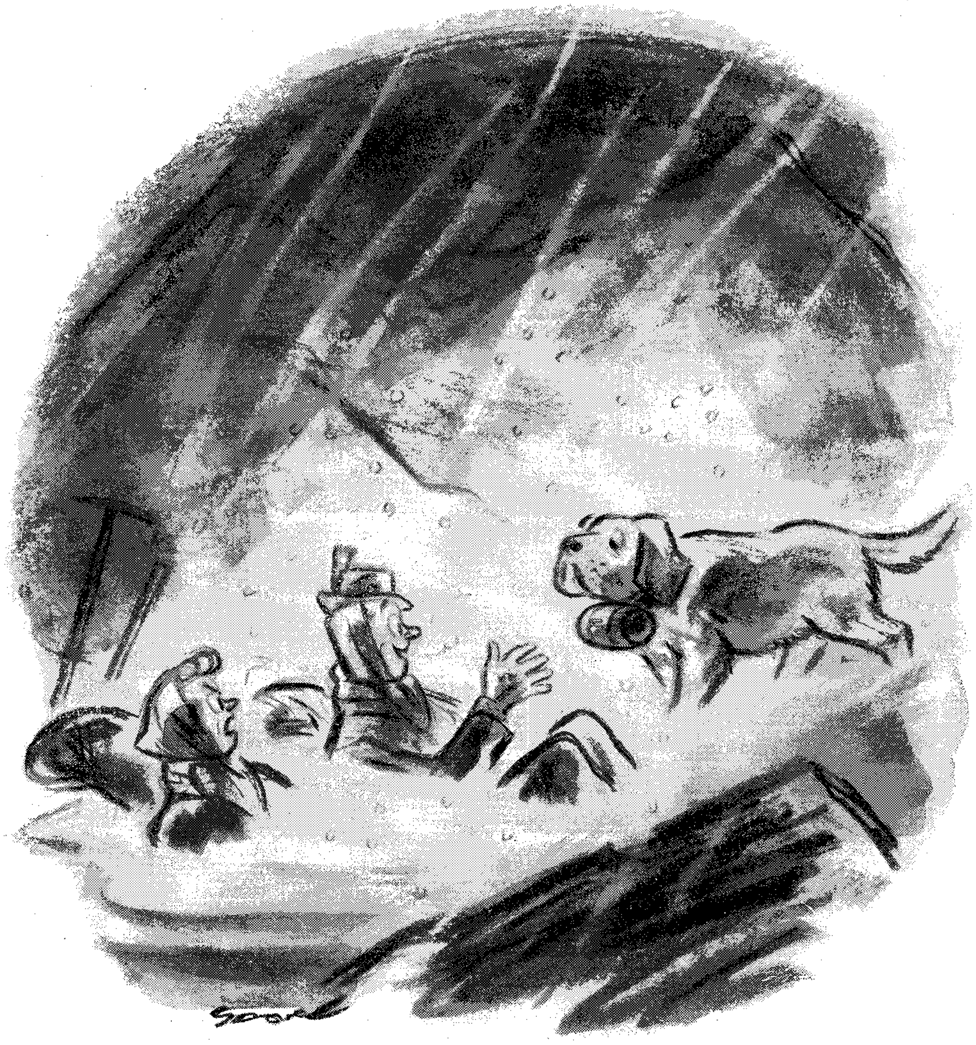
"You're a smug son of a bitch," she said. "*Aren't* you?"

"Yes. I always was," he said.

"No. Not always," she said, and her dim smile seemed faintly triumphant.

THEY had reached one more low point among thousands of low points of thousands of meals, but he did not dwell on it, because at that moment new life entered the room—a group of seven or eight young people, laughing and chattering from laughter and chatter that were continuing from a small cocktail party in somebody's room. They dispersed, two girls and a young man to a table for four, and two young married couples to two small tables like the Langleys'. The tables were not close together, but for a few moments the group chatter went on from one to the other, and there were no dark looks for their lateness or for the life they brought into the room. One of the couples sat quite near the Langleys, the young man facing Langley. The young wife's face was American-pretty, Middle Western-sorority-house-pretty. She was not the prettiest of the four girls, but she had distinction and dignity. She was a trifle taller than the run of girls and she was proud—as she had reason to be—of her bosom. In one respect, at least, she had been well brought up; a wise mother, aunt, or grandmother had instructed her to take advantage of her height, not to slouch it away. Langley had noticed before she sat down that she was the same height as her husband, which, of course, made her seem taller. Langley liked her and more than liked her. He fell in love with her, and he wished he could be sitting across the table from her. He thought that he knew all the answers to any questions he might ask her: how she stood politically (Stassen, very likely); on promiscuity (a history of more or less conventional experimentation); on the atomic bomb (hold on to the secrets until Russia became reasonable, then share our information for the good of mankind); on labor (coming around to her father's way of thinking lately); on Sinatra versus Crosby (kid stuff). He also knew, in the very few minutes since first he had seen her, that his knowledge of her would remain pure guesswork, that in all likelihood he and she would never exchange two words. But for a few minutes he loved her.

He left off his consideration of her and gave study to what manner of man she had married. Now, for the first time, he looked at the young husband. As a chairborne commander in BuPers in the recent war, Langley had met hundreds of naval officers. Among them, it was easy enough to tell that a man was a Navy flier, but a game Langley had played was to guess whether a man was a fighter, dive-bomber, or torpecker pilot. He had lost the game as many times as he had won, but his wins were satisfying. He had no way



"Now, George—you promised!"

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now of knowing if the young husband had even been in the Navy at all. His ruptured duck told nothing. But if he had been anything, Langley decided, he had been a night-fighter pilot. As a type, the night fighters had—as he could see this young man had—extra intelligence and extra courage, but besides that they had something else. They were fatalistic, and they were loners. They had to be. So here was a young man of intelligence, capable of "grace under pressure," who had been trained to kill and would have killed, and had the look of the loner. He was handsome in a mediocre way; that is, with no distinction. Langley wondered why the girl had married him. And then he understood.

They were sitting too far away from the Langleys for their conversation to be audible, but the girl said something, a long sentence, to the husband. While she was speaking to him, the boy's lips moved as though he were uttering the words with her, and in his eyes there was such love as to embarrass Langley. The courteous thing to do was to turn away, although the young man did not care, or did not even know that anyone else was in the room. But Langley did not turn away. He kept watching the young man, because what Langley saw was Langley.

The girl finished what she was saying and the young husband said, quite audibly, "No kid!," and puffed out his cheeks and laughed explosively. He bent down to his food again—his table manners had been neglected—and shook his head over and over, enjoying whatever his wife had told him. He kept on showing that he was enjoying it until she started in on something else. Again he stopped eating, again the lips moved, again the look of love, and now Langley began to understand something about the young wife. The boy had nothing to contribute. He probably never had had anything to contribute, and his wife was doing the talking to cover his shyness. All he had to offer was stupid love. "And that," said Langley to himself, "was the way I was." He sneaked a glance at Victoria; she was happy with her salad and her little—her enormous!—triumph; she had said neatly, beautifully timed, something she must have been waiting to say for twenty years.

All those years, all those women, all those lies. He had been as shy as the kid at the other table. She was the girl of distinction, and of beauty and money besides. He was the son of a New York Central conductor, and in 1918 he had worn a forestry-green uniform, with an ensign's boards, Navy wings, and gleaming leather puttees. And so they were married for just the reason that the kids at the other table were married, and Victoria had "brought him out," or "drawn him out," or both. She would tell a little story, and his lips would move with hers. She'd helped him to learn the kind of manners that he had not picked up in the Kappa Sig house. At the right times, she'd had his children, and again at the right time she had got him into a nice club. She had accepted the ferocity of his love, and had pardoned him the first couple of times he'd released the ferocity elsewhere; then came the phase during which there were scenes; then nothing and years of it. And all through the years, this humorless woman had had it in her to snub him with three words: "No. Not always." The Peal shoes, the Wetzel suit, the Racquet Club tie, the food before him, this trip to Bermuda, the people he called his friends—no, not always.

"I wish to hell we could get a drink in this place," he said.

"You mean now?"

"I don't mean Saint Patrick's Day," he said.

"Well, why don't I ask the manager? After all, Father used to—"

"Like hell you will," he said. "If I want a drink, I can get it myself."

"All right, all right, all *right*," she said. "*Get* it yourself."

—JOHN O'HARA

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bridgeport* (*Conn.*) *Telegram*]

ST. LOUIS—(AP) More than 5,000 pipes will be built into a giant liturgical organ ordered for the St. Louis Cathedral (Roman Catholic). The largest will be 30 feet long, the smallest about the size of a lead section of the building which had no entrance or exit, indicating that the cat was imprisoned when the building was put up in 1886.

IT'S A SURE HEADACHE I'D APPRECIATE SOMEBODY TO REMOVE OFFA MY HANDS

I HAD finished lunching at the Regal commissary with a friend who was directing a picture for that company and was on my way toward the parking lot beyond the massive iron gate which marks the entrance to the studio when I heard a voice shout, "Hey, Artie! Wait a minute!" I wheeled around and saw Benny Greenspan hurrying toward me.

"Hiya, Benny?" I said. "I'm riding toward Beverly. Want a lift?"

"I thought I reckanized your back, judgin' it looked so familiar." Then, suddenly aware of my question, he said, "Thanks, kid, I got my own car with me. But I tell you what you could do, you could buy me some steamin' hot java to pert me up." He grabbed me by the arm and propelled me toward a cheap diner across the street from the studio. "Artie," he solemnly declared, "this agency game, I dunno—it just don't make sense. But whatsoever! You mock my words, anybody who thinks that flesh peddlin' is a leadpipe cinch whereby all a person does, they sit back in a cozy genuwine-leather chair watchin' the dough pour in hand over foot, well, all I gotta say, it's a sure headache I'd appreciate somebody to remove offa my hands. They'd be doin' me a great personal favor, and don't kid yesself I'm kiddin', either!"

"Benny," I said, "I can always tell when you're in trouble."

"Yeah?" He eyed me curiously. "How? Go on. I'm really very inarrested you should explain me how."

"By the tone of your voice," I replied. "Only this time you sound a little more disgruntled than usual."

"Listen," he snapped, "you wouldn't sound so gruntled yesself supposin' you took off a weekend as a relaxative, then you get back to your awfice and there's messitches galore, you should come right over to the Regal studio, R. D.'s been searchin' evvey nook and granny tryin' to grab holt of you. So you rush right over to R. D.'s awfice, then fa twenny solid minutes by the clock he does nothin' excep' bawl me out, insult me right and left, callin' me evvey dastrick name in the alphabet he could think of. No kiddin', Artie, it's way beyond me how a man of his calibra, with a brother who is a top doctor and who's gotta wash his mitts evvey time he examines a patient, can use the type langwich which belongs strickly in the gutter and not from the head of a major studio's mouth!"

By this time we had entered the beanery. We sat at the counter and Benny picked up a menu and began to study it. A straw-haired waitress came along, brushed the counter with a wet cloth, and asked for our orders.

"A cup of black coffee," I said.

Benny lowered the menu and gave the waitress his attention. "Look, honey, I want the cottitch-cheese salad, a couple slices whole-wheat toast, and a steamin' cup hot cawfee with cream and plenny sugar on account I got a sweet tooth I gotta cater to, elsewise she kicks back on me. Comprehend?" The girl nodded, took the menu from his hand, filed it in a metal rack, and walked toward the kitchen.

"YOU were telling me about R. D. bawling you out," I reminded Benny.

"Oh, yeah," he said, spinning around to face me. "Well, he keeps chatterin' away like a mudpie, and me, I keep mum, see, not sayin' a word, just pacin' to and fro, till finey he opens a drawer and pulls out a legal document which he waves right smack in my kisser. 'This here is the studio's contrack with your client, Beefy Branigan,' he yells on me, 'and it's got approximately two more years to run at an averitch salary, I'd say, semny thousand a year. Your total commissions doong that period woulda amounted to twice seven thousand, or fourteen grand. And you wanna know what I'm gonna do, just on account you're such a colossal incomepoop? Simply this!' Lo and behold, before my very eyes I hadda stand there and watch him tear up my life's blood, you might say, into tiny little pieces! All on account *I'm* supposed to be the colossal incomepoop in the matter! Artie, if I'da been hit by a northbound Wilshire bus and lugged off in a butcher wagon to a horsepital, the Cedars of Lebanon, I couldna been hurt worse than his remark!"

As Benny sat there, curled over the stool, his diminutive figure seemed almost to shrink and his expression was sad. Suddenly he straightened up and banged the counter with his fist. "Did that goddam cluck Beefy come to me and say, 'Look, kid, I'm contemplatin' a certain matter which I wish you'd gimme the benefit from your advice

on'? No, sir, he did not!" After this outburst, Benny went on more calmly, "Any normal person, if they are sick, goes to a doctor fa medical advice. You got legal troubles, O.K., there's awways some relative who's a lawyer, he can straighten you out. And if you are an actor and you got some plans with regards your career, then you should discuss same with your agent, he's the expert, *and not* with Hattie Weatherwax, a cracked-pot from the same material—"

"Hold on a minute," I said. "Who's Hattie Weatherwax?"

"She's Barton's wife," said Benny, staring at me in surprise.

"And who in the world is Barton?" I asked.

"Alluva sudden I got another screwball in my mist!" he said in disgust. "Why, Barton is Beefy Branigan. I mean, that's his real handle—Barton Weatherwax." Observing the look of bewilderment on my face, he adopted a more tolerant tone. "Perhaps if I explained you the situation from the very *beginnin'*, maybe *you'll* get a better conception what the hell I'm talkin' about."

"It'd certainly help," I said.

"WELL," Benny said, "a year or so before the war ended, this was, I'm in R. D.'s awfice and he's beatin' his gums how all his big names are joinin' the armed forces, if not the draft knockin' them off like flies, and what he's gonna do fa leadin' men, ah, that's the problem! 'Benny,' he says to me, 'you simply must hustle aroun' and dig me up some new faces on account no matter hommany hair pieces I put on my character actors' chronium and even with new sets of phony crockery in their kissers, they still look like fugitives from some wheelchair or other!'

"Go dig up new faces! You hear? Before the war, a new face was positively a drudge on the market. 'Don't bring me no talent,' R. D. useta scream on me, 'without they got some screen, stage, or radio experience.' Now, alluva sudden he's rabbit on the subjeck from new faces, irregardless even if they was oney in a snapshot—that's plenny pitcha experience!

"Anyways, one night I'm at the Brown Derby havin' dinner with Dolly Spencer, a well-stacked hunk of girlhood to who I'm tryin' to peddle myself to, and after we conclude our dinner I see we got a couple hours to kill before we go galvinatin' on the town. So I gets the evenin' paper and we look through the movie ads to see what gives. Alla the pitchas either I seen or Dolly seen, and it begins to look like we are rapidly gettin' no place fast when, lo and behold, I notice there is wrasslin' goin' on downtown at the Stadium.

"At first, Dolly din wanna go on account she says she got enough trouble wrasslin' with professionals—the Hollywood wolves—without she should waste her time watchin' a couple human chimpaneze give one another a public rubdown. Besides, she says, evveybody knows the matches are all a phony. 'O.K.,' I says, 'so we'll take them with a grain of salts. Come on, Dolly,' I says, 'let's go strickly fa laughs.'

"And, brother, it was a scream, but definitely! We two sat there, Dolly and me, with the tears runnin' up and down our kissers. Evvey wrassler, Artie, he's strickly a character. Take, finstance, one guy comes out there in a high hat, a black cape, and he's carryin' a cane in his hand and a manacle in his eye. He is innaduced as a big-shot Englishman, just here from England—Lord Somethin'-or-Other. Well, all I gotta say is

BOY-MAN

England's lads are miniature men
To start with, grammar in their shiny hats,
And serious; in America who knows when
Manhood begins? Presidents grin and hug,
And while the suave King waves and gravely chats,
America wets on England's old green rug.

The boy-man roars. Worry alone will give
This one the verisimilitude of age.
Those white teeth are his own, for he must live
Longer, grow taller than the Texas race.
Fresh are his eyes, his darkening skin the gauge
Of bloods that freely mix beneath his face.

He knows the application of the book
But not who wrote it; shuts it like a shot.
Rather than read, he thinks that he will look;
Rather than look, he thinks that he will talk;
Rather than talk, he thinks that he will not
Bother at all; would rather ride than walk.

His means of conversation is the joke,
Humor his language, underneath which lies
The undecoded dialect of the folk.
Abroad, he scorns the foreigner; what's old
Is worn, what's different bad, what's odd unwise.
He gives off heat and is enraged by cold.

Charming, becoming to the suits he wears,
The boy-man, younger than his eldest son,
Inherits the state; upon his silver hairs
Time, like a panama hat, sits at a tilt
And smiles. To him the world has just begun
And every city waiting to be built.

Mister, remove your shoulder from the wheel
And say this prayer, "Increase my vitamins,
Make my decisions of the finest steel,
Pour motor oil upon my troubled spawn,
Forgive the Europeans for their sins,
Establish work, that values may go on."

—KARL SHAPIRO

• •

"T-t-task F-f-force F-f-frigid re-re-reporting, s-s-sir."

• •

if he's really a lord, then religion took one terrible beatin' that night on account the other guy, who was wearin' a red mask, prolly so's not to scare the customers outa the jernt with his puss, he had the Englishman down on his back in no time flat.

"But it was the main event how I come to spot Beefy. He is matched against a dark-complected, bitsy shrimp of a fella, the Sheik, who comes in the ring with his bare feet, and he's wearin' one of them things on his hair. You know." He circled his head with his hand once or twice to illustrate. "It's got a special name."

"A turban?" I said.

"That's it! I even says to Dolly, 'Honey, if that hotel detective where the Sheik is prolly stayin' at is here tonight, he's gonna claim one missin' bed sheet—namely, that turbine.'

"Anyways," he went on, "the minute Beefy takes off his bathrobe, Dolly's peepers started poppin' and she makes with the elbow. 'My, oh, my,' she says. 'Just look at that solid man! Now, that's my idear what I call a terrific build.' Artie, evveyplace you looked on him, there's muscles galore, like if he's tryin' to smuggle out baseballs unnaneath his skin. One thing about him, though—his nose. It's so flat, that schnoz, a pancake is a regella mountain compared alongside his beak.

"Dolly is still claimin' it's all a phony on account any person with one grain matter in their head could see this Beefy's gonna win hands up. Which is how I feel, too, till the minute the bell rings. Then this Sheik character rushes out and the first thing, wham!—he gives Beefy the knee right in the groan, and fa the next ten minutes there's not one single dirty hold in the book which this lousy greaseball din use. And Beefy, why, he stands there like a bum on a log, lookin' very supprised how anybody could behave that way. Finey, the crowd is yellin' he should kick the Sheik's teeth in, and I'm screamin' why he don't at lease step on the punk's bare feet, but would he listen? Uh-uh, not him! He's simply a sucker fa punishment; just dotes the stuff. Poor Dolly, she is so disgusted, she says to me, 'They prolly call him Beefy on account that's what his dome is full of. What a terrible shame to waste a movvellous body like that on such a lunghead!'

"What finey got Beefy burnt up was when the Sheik butts him one in the stomick and sends him against the ropes, which he twists aroun' Beefy's neck. Now, that is really too much, even fa Beefy. He kicks the Sheik in the breadbasket, picks him up, and spins him aroun' and aroun' so much till even *I* gets dizzy. Finey, he flattens him out on the canvas, and it's goodbye, Mr. Sheik, pleased to of met you!

"Evveybody there is yellin' theirselves black and blue in the face, oney Dolly. 'I still say it's strickly an act,' she says. 'He coulda knocked that shrimp's brains out in the first place.' Well, Artie, alluva sudden I get like a bean in my bonnet. A lotta talent—finstance, you take Johnny Weissmuller and Esther Williams and even Victor McLaglen, they were sports personalities one time or another. 'My God, Dolly,' I says to her, 'you are positively right! Come along, honey.' I grabs holt of her arm and I says, 'We are goin' back there and I'm signin' this Beefy up. Why, he's a nachel-born performer, pretendin' like he's a dope when alla time he coulda destroyed that weasly little jerk!'

"Artie, we couldn't get near the guy, the room's so clustered up with handlers and people and whatnot. Finey, while Dolly is wavin' her stuffed sweater at the boys, I nosey over to Beefy and explain him who I am—namely, Benny Greenspan—and I wish he should contact me at my awfice with regards a movie career. He looks at me like I'm starch, ravin' mad, and I begin to think maybe he is as big a cluck like I give him credit for. Anyways, I slips him my card and I says I will expeck him tomorra, eleven o'clock on the nose— Well, well!" Benny suddenly sang out as he sighted the approaching waitress. "Look what Miss Sandy Claus is bringin' Bennyboy—namely, a cute case from indigestion!"

AFTER the waitress had placed the salad before him and had filled two mugs with coffee, Benny took up his story again. "Well, Artie, what I went through shouldn't happen to a dog, much less myself! Beefy shows up, see, and who you suppose he's got along with him excep' his wife, this Hattie character. Artie, she's got a kisser, this dame, which, while it don't exackly scare you to death, still in all, it give your nerves one helluva workout. Before I could even open my trap, she begins poppin' off how Beefy don't cancel no matches without first I lay a movie contrack on the line; how he's not payin' two commissions, so I gotta cut up my buck with his wrasslin' manager, who—this I find out later—happens to be oney her brother; how it's O.K. to call Beefy 'Beefy' while he's workin', but otherwise by his regella name—namely, Barton Weatherwax. By the time we left my awfice to go over to Regal, this female Army tank had me pradically a nervous wretch.

"Well, I parks the pair pusses outside R. D.'s awfice while I go inside and give him a terrific pitch what a sensational hunk talent I found him. 'R.D.,' I says, 'this guy is even more the Louie Wolheim type than when Louie Wolheim was still alive. You talk about Bill Bendix, why, he's got Bendix last to the mast. Frankly, R. D.,' I says, 'he's a second Wally Beery, oney much younger and with his original heada hair besides.' Nachelly, R. D. is very inarrested

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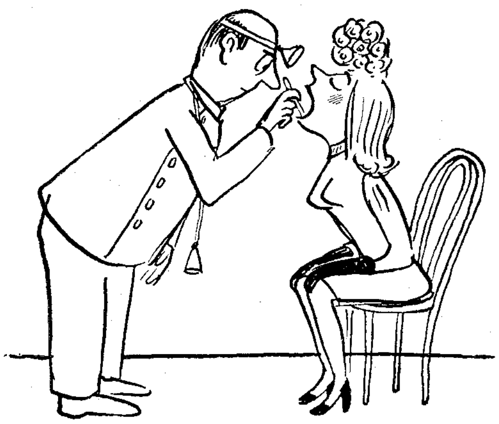

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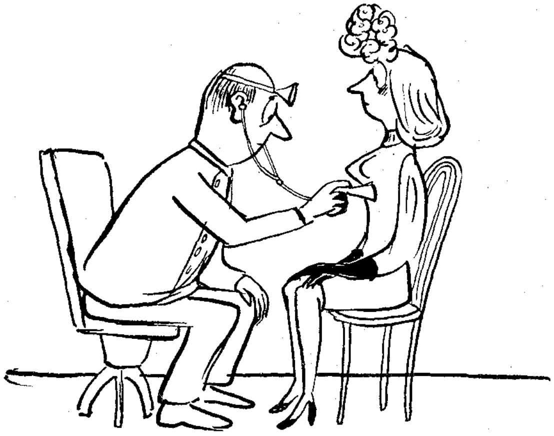

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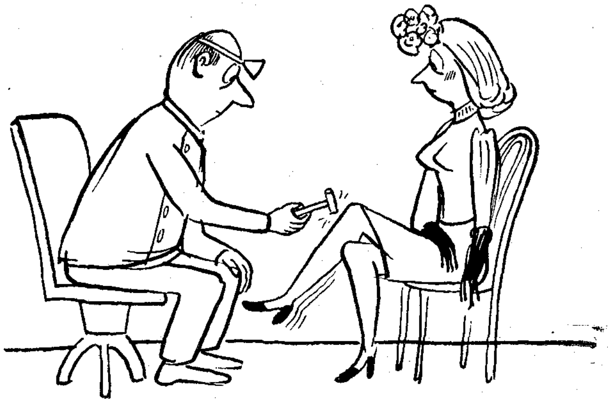

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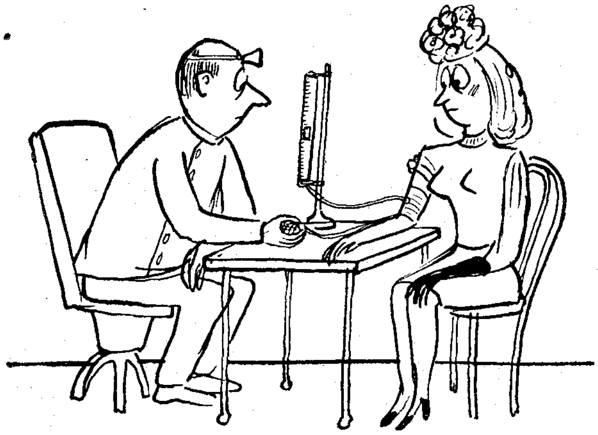

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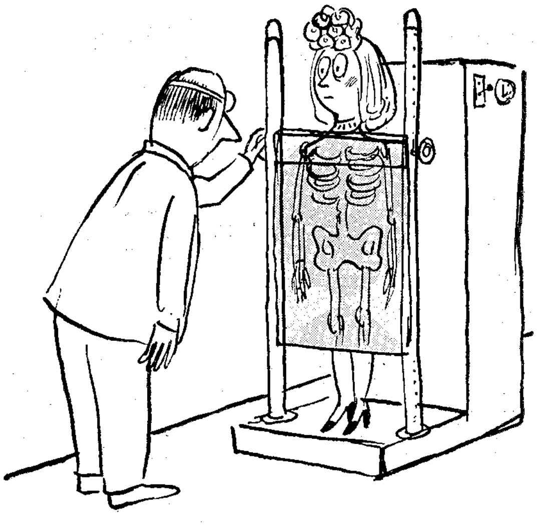

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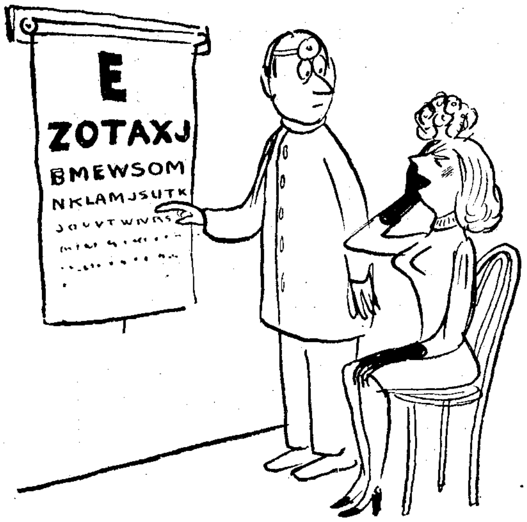

to see the face I dug him up, so I opens the door and tell Beefy to come in, which he does, oney he is tailed by the Puss—namely, Hattie. R. D. grabs one gander at Beefy's schnoz, and right away I see we are but dead ducks. Alluva sudden I hear Hattie sayin', 'Barton, remove off that shirt on your back.' So he strips to the buff, and when R. D. beholds that pile of muscles—ah, there's a horse from a diffrint color entirely in the room!

"There's no use bendin' your ears about what happened after that. In one teenchy bit in 'Shape Ahoy!'—the slugnutty sailor who can't remember to who he's married to—he had them rollin' in the aisles. In 'My Buddy Flies over the Ocean,' he pradically stole the pitcha offa Dolores Chase. In fack, in the original endin' the heavies knocked off Beefy, but he was so terrific at the preview the studio decided to reshoot him so as to keep him alive.

"I dunno if you seen Beefy and Eddie Morgan in 'Two Creeps in a Jeep,' but that was such a sensational grosser fa Regal it made R. D. team the two of them up fa the 'Two Creeps' series. That's when he offered us a new deal, a straight five-year contrack, but that milestone aroun' my neck, that Hattie, she refused her Barton should commit hisself beyond two years, which is the present contrack. Or was," Benny added mournfully.

"Now, usually when I got an artist placed on a contrack, my headaches are over; I can forget all about them. Oh, no—not with Beefy Branigan! There wasn't one week went by without Hattie is in my awfice gripin' about this, that, or the other.

"What finey copped the climax was a few weeks ago when she comes in with Beefy and she starts beatin' her gums how it's time her hubby quit bein' a stooge fa Eddie Morgan. 'A fine agent you are,' she says to me, 'lettin' Morgan make a name fa hisself on the strennth of Barton's work. It's time the studio realized what a star Barton is and stopped typin' him with strickly mug parts. Why can't he play a smart character where he can wear a soup and fish, which he does very nice,' she says to me.

"Well, Artie, there are times when I can stand so much and no further. 'Why?' I says. 'Well, I'll tell you why.' I grabs Beefy by the arm and takes him to a mirr' I got hangin' on the wall. 'Just grab a good look at that puss in the mirr'. It's a face that belongs definitely on the barroom floor and not on top a soup and fish,' I says. 'I defy you with that nose in its present way, shape, and form if Charles Boyer or Walter Pidgeon gotta worry about any competition from Barton Weatherwax, elias Beefy Branigan.' The two of them stare at me, and they're not sayin' a word. No kiddin', it's so quiet you could pick up a pin. Finey, Hattie says, 'Come on, Barton,' and the two of them scrammed.

"From then on I din get one single, solitary peek outa her, not even when the studio run into some story trouble on the new 'Two Creeps' pitcha and R. D. told Beefy he could take a little rest fa a few weeks, so long as the studio knows where to contack him.

"Well, sir, on Friday, while I'm away weekendin', they give Beefy a buzz, he should come over and get a copy of the revised scrip'. Artie, he shows up, and guess what?" he said, pausing dramatically. "Beefy Branigan's got a completely new face—from top to bottom!"

"What!" I exclaimed, not at all sure I heard him correctly.

"Absolutely! Hattie took him to some plastic surgeon or other, and he had his face done over with a bran'-new schnoz and all. R. D. says he simply refused to believe his eyes when he seen that kisser. And when he asts him who the hell advised he should do that, the big ape says *I* did. You hear? He claims I says if he wantsa play smart parts, he hadda go and have a new pan dubbed in! Hoddeya like that?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" I said.

"*You'll* be damned!" snorted Benny. "*I'm* the one R. D. damned, but thoroughly! Now he claims the contrack is null and void on account Beefy's face isn't the one the agreement is based on. He says nachelly the 'Two Creeps' series is off, pendin' he finds somebody else to play opposite Eddie Morgan. And he says he doubts if the fans are ever gonna accep' Beefy Branigan in his present form. And all on account, he claims, I'm such a colossal incomepoop!

"Yes, sir," he sighed as he pushed the empty plate away and got to his feet, "this certainey's gonna teach me a lesson aw right—namely, never let a dame, no matter how smart she thinks she is, stick her hubby's nose into somethin' which is strickly not her affair in the first place!" —ARTHUR KOBER

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Orville Prescott in the Times*]

There were poverty, drunkenness, madness and crime in Elmbury, but on a friendly and personal level.

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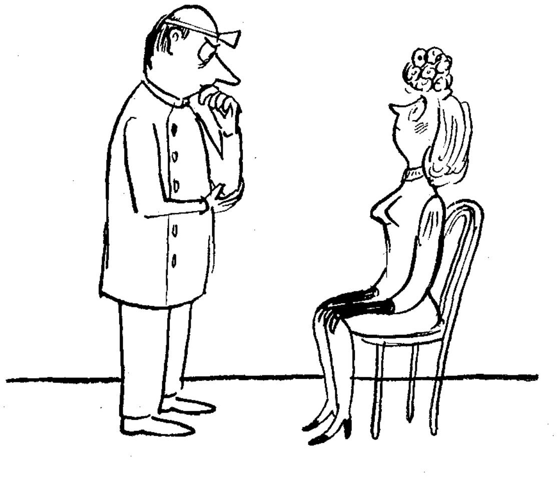

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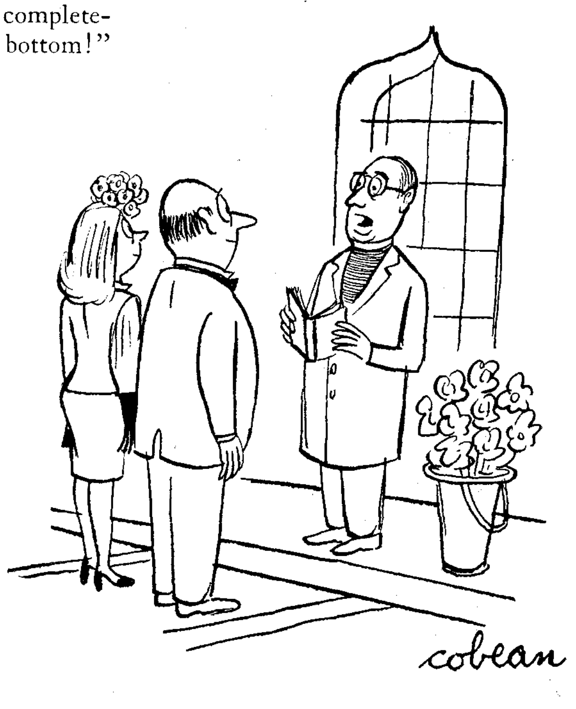
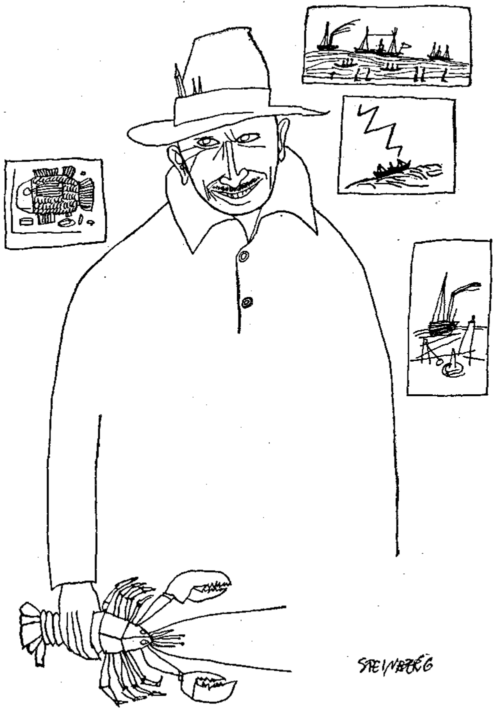


PROFILES

DRAGGER CAPTAIN

II—PROFESSORS ABOARD

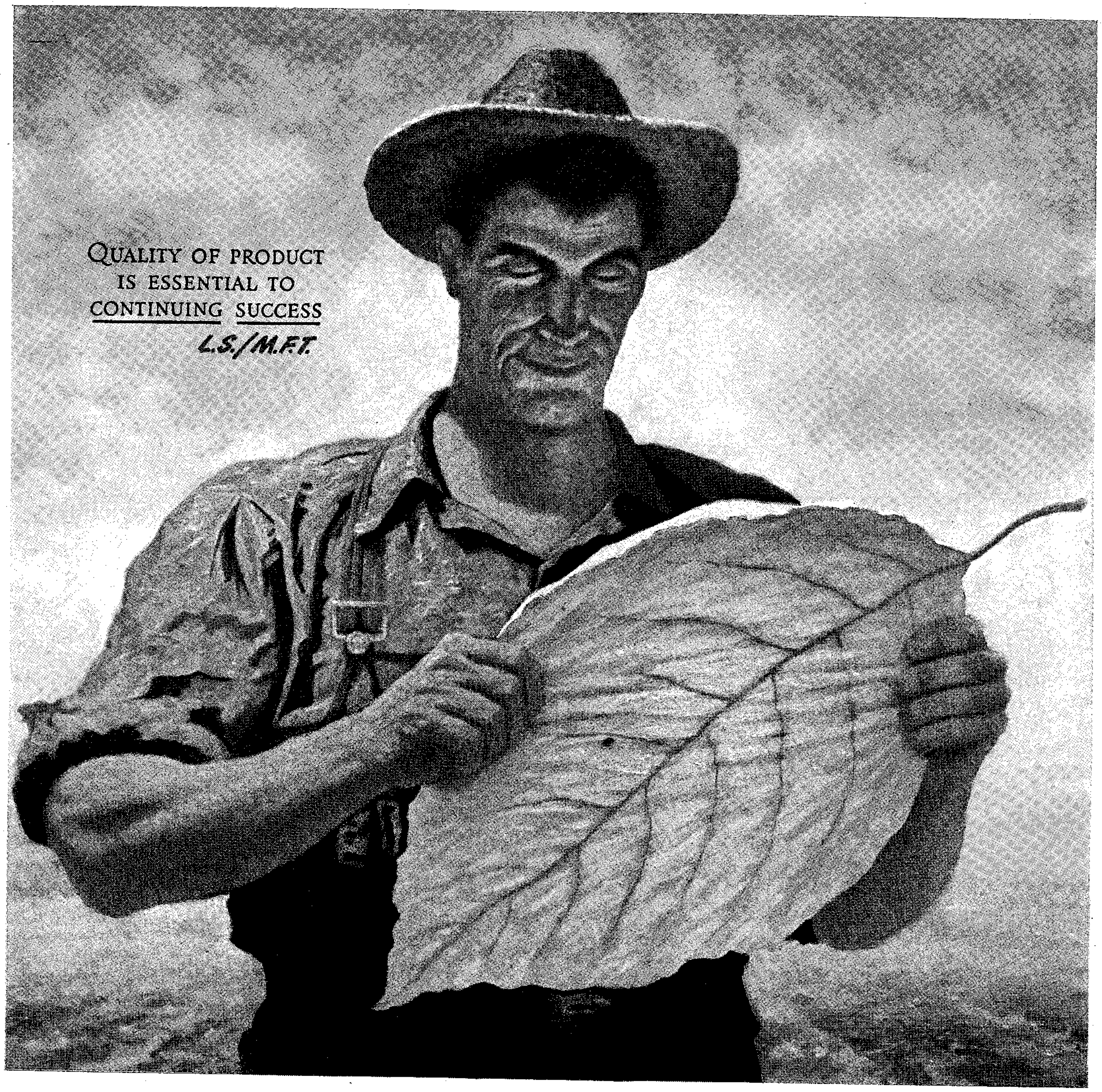


Ellery Franklin Thompson

A GENTLE, bony, sad-eyed Yankee bachelor of forty-seven named Ellery Franklin Thompson is the most skillful, the most respected, and the least ambitious of the thirty captains in the dragger fleet that works out of the village of Stonington, Connecticut. This is the biggest fishing fleet in the neighborhood of New York City. It drags chiefly for flounders, but it also catches cod, haddock, porgies, whiting, hakes, ocean pout, and a number of trash fishes. Ellery, who is captain and owner of the gasoline dragger Eleanor, ships seventeen hundred barrels a year to Fulton Fish Market. His knowledge of the behavior of flounders is so acute that he could triple this production without straining himself, but he doesn't see any point in doing so. There are four reasons for this. First, he has the rheumatism. Second, he is a self-taught oil painter. He prefers to paint when it is too stormy or foggy to drag, but if a painting looks as if it might turn out good, he will stay with it for days on end of perfect fishing weather. Third, he is an amateur oceanographer, a kind of unofficial member of the staff of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale University, and this takes up quite a lot of his time. Fourth, he lacks an itch for money. He makes a good living and considers that sufficient. He says he owns a boat, an automobile, a house and lot, seventy-five books, a B-flat trumpet, a straight razor, and a Sunday suit, and can't think of anything else he particularly wants.

The way Ellery disposes of the lobsters he picks up in his net exemplifies his attitude toward money. There are lobsters in all the grounds dragged by the Stonington fleet. They are thickest in a ground in Block Island Sound called the Hell Hole, where swarms of them live in, under, and around two dozen old shipwrecks that lie there. In the summer and fall, a few are caught in every drag. Now and then, a couple of bushels come up in a single haul, in among the fish. They bring high prices. The majority wind up in New York seafood restaurants as choice Maine lobsters; in these restaurants all lobsters, even those from Sheepshead Bay, come from Maine. All the captains except Ellery ship the young, combative, bronzy blue-green ones to Fulton Market and keep the culls and jumbos for their own tables. (The culls are those that have recently molted and whose new shells have not yet hardened, and those with one or both claws snapped off in fights or while mating. The jumbos are the sluggish, barnacle-encrusted, stringy-meated giants—old ones, which can be captured only in nets, since they have grown too big to go through the mouths of traps; the record for the fleet is a cock lobster that weighed twenty-two pounds and was fit only for salads and Newburgs.) Ellery does just the opposite. He selects the finest he catches and sets them aside for himself and his crew and ships the rest. "Let the rich eat the culls," he says. The third man in a three-handed fishing crew is supposed to do the cooking, but Ellery attends to most of it on the *Eleanor*; he is one of those who believe that to get a thing done right you have to do it yourself. He is a matchless lobster chef. He boils and he broils and he makes lobster chowder, but most often he boils. He puts a tub of fresh sea water on the little coal stove in the cabin and heats it until it spits. He wraps his lobsters in seaweed and drops them in, half a dozen in a batch, and times them with a rusty alarm clock that hangs from a cup hook on the underside of a shelf above the stove; after exactly fifteen minutes, he dips them out. He lets them cool slowly, so that the meat won't shrink and become flavorless and rubbery, the common condition of cold boiled lobsters in restaurants, and then he heaps them on the cracked ice in the ice bin in the forward fish hold. He and his crew—Frank Muise, the mate, and Charlie Brayman, the third man—reach in and get a lobster any time they feel like it. They eat them standing on deck. They smack them against the rail to crack the shells, pluck out the tail and claw meat, and chuck the rest overboard. One fall day, out on the Hell Hole, the three of them ate fourteen in between meals.

ELLERY began to paint in the winter of 1930. At that time, he was sleeping aboard the Eleanor, which he keeps at Johnny Bindloss's fish dock in Stonington, going home only on Sundays to visit his widowed mother, Mrs. Florence Thompson, who lives in New London, fourteen miles down the coast. In school, in her teens, Mrs. Thompson went to an art class, and several prim paintings of flowers she did still hang in her parlor. That winter, because she complained about being by herself so much, Ellery tried to reawaken this interest. In Brater's, a small art-supplies store in New London, he bought some stretched canvases and a set of paints and brushes. "Ma tried, but she couldn't somehow seem to pick up where she'd left off," Ellery says. "Her hands were too stiff. I had all that art gear laying around, and one Sunday afternoon I took a notion I'd paint me a picture. Ma gave me some directions and told me to start out with a rose, but I started out with the Titanic hitting the iceberg. I worked on it four Sundays. I didn't have much trouble with the Titanic or the iceberg, but the poor souls bobbing around in the water like to drove me crazy." He called the painting "Nearer My God to Thee." His mother admired it; she had it framed and hung it in the parlor between two of hers and called the neighbors in. "To tell the truth," Ellery says, "that made me proud." He took the art gear to Stonington and began to spend off hours scrutinizing objects around the dock, getting the look of them in his head, and then doing paintings of them—a lobster buoy, a clam rake, a scallop dredge, a corroded anchor. A lobster buoy is a block of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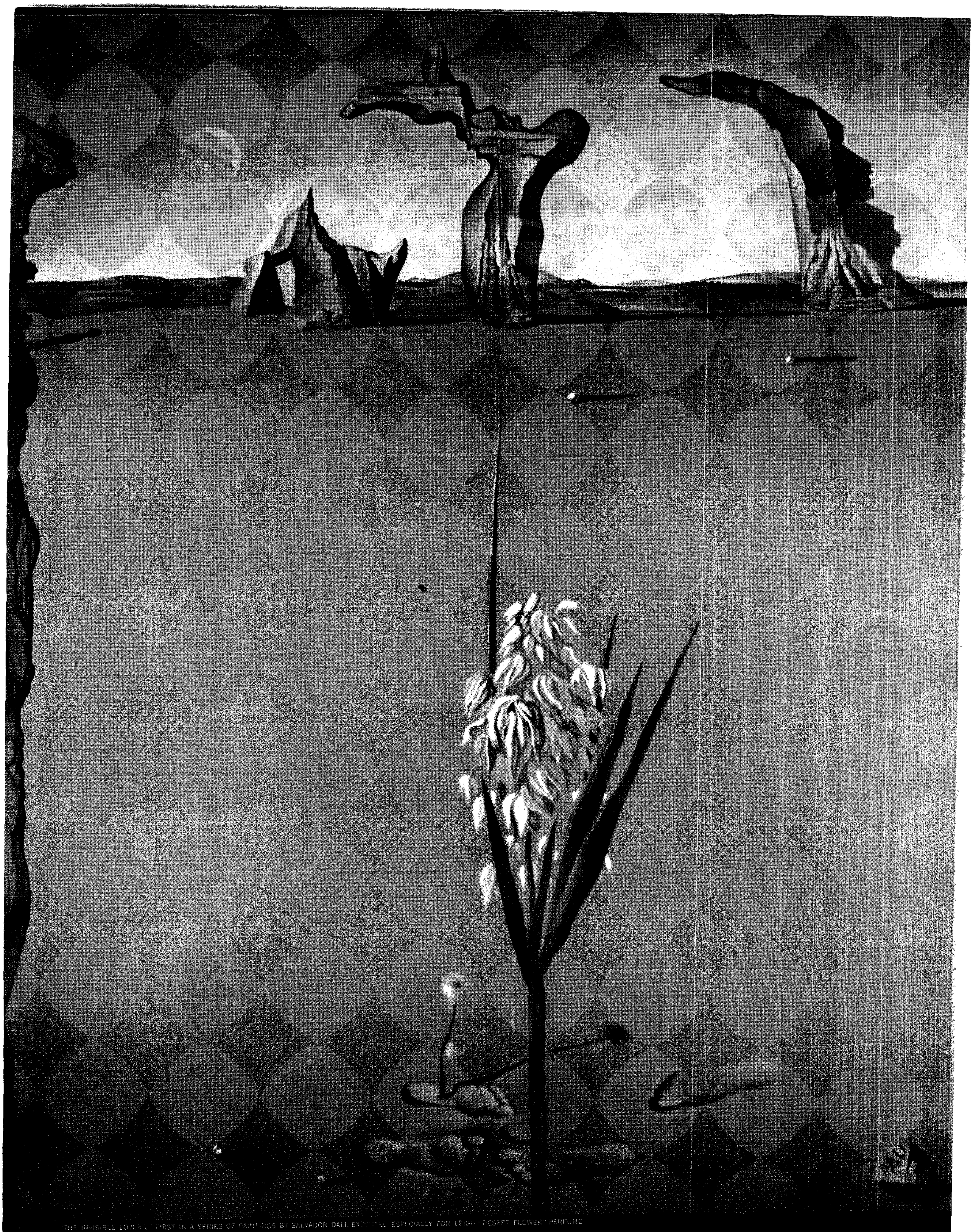
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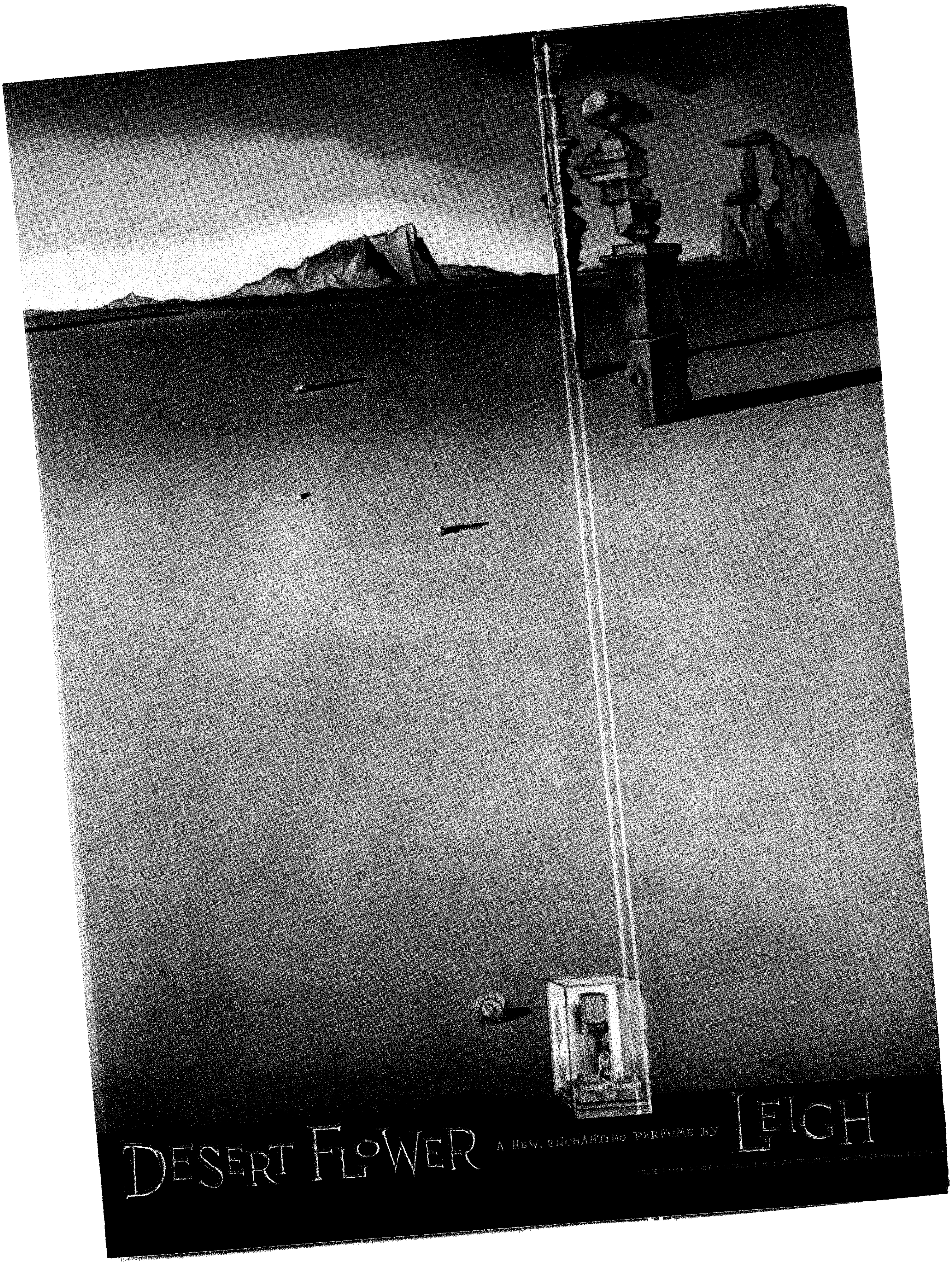
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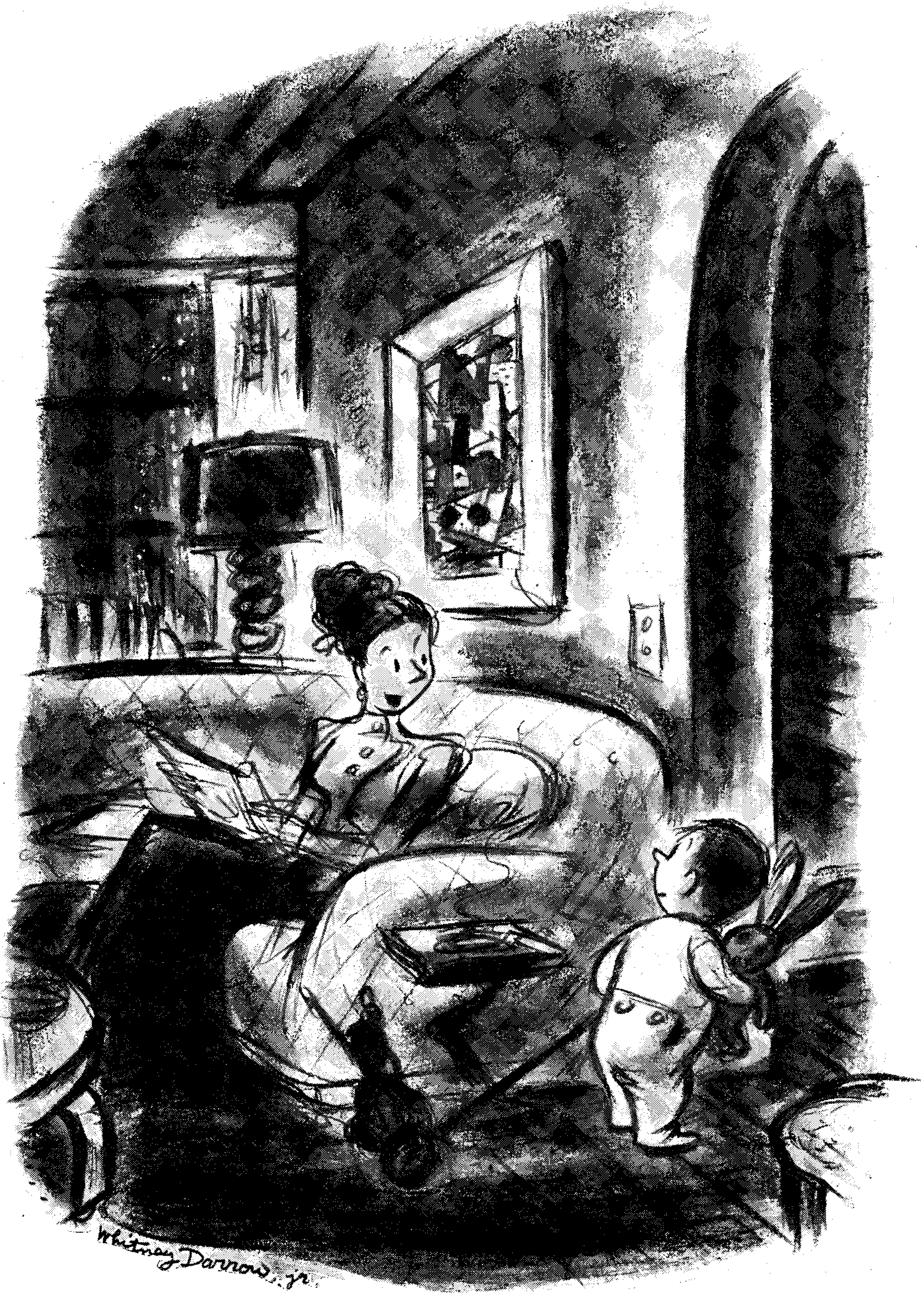
wood, most often two feet long, which is attached by a tarred rope to a lobster trap and which floats above it, marking its position. Buoys are painstakingly and sometimes beautifully whittled into a variety of shapes and are brightly painted, usually in stripes in three colors; each lobsterman has a different set of colors; like racing silks, they denote ownership. Some buoys thrown any old way on the deck of a smack caught Ellery's eye, and he did a splendid painting of them. He did three paintings of animals—two fish-house cats hatefully eying each other at the mouth of an overturned bait barrel, a cormorant of a kind known locally as the black shag roosting on a mooring stake, a herd of rats scampering single file along the ridge of a breakwater in the moonlight. The breakwater rats are notorious around Stonington, and Ellery did a series of pencil sketches as well as the painting of them. They are wharf rats that migrated to the outer breakwater in Stonington harbor, where they nest in the riprap and grow enormous on dead fish washed up by the tide. Some draggermen keep a supply of rocks and brickbats aboard and, passing the breakwater on their way to and from the grounds, amuse themselves by harassing the rats. Presently, Ellery began using the Eleanor as his subject. He painted her in rough water with her net down, and he painted her with a haul of flounders dumped on her deck and a flock of gulls hovering above, and he painted her at Bindloss's dock with her net drying in the wind and a red sun going down behind her. He worked meticulously, putting in every detail he could find room for. One of the pilothouse windows has a zigzag crack across it; he always put this crack in, with the identical zigs and zags. "I like to show everything," he says. "If I had my way, I'd show the nailheads in the planks and the knots in the ropes and the stitches in the flag, but Ma thinks that makes a picture look tacky." In about a year, he did sixteen paintings of the Eleanor.

One Sunday morning in August, 1931, Ellery put his most recent paintings in his automobile to take home and show his mother. He stopped at a filling station near Groton on U. S. 1A for a tank of gas, and the proprietor, an old acquaintance, saw them on the back seat and looked them over and asked if he could put one in his window. "I told him, 'Why, hell yes,'" Ellery says. "He picked one out, the biggest, and he figured there ought to be a price on it, make it look professional, so we cracked some jokes about that, and finally he stuck a sticker on it reading one hundred dollars. He laughed and I laughed. It wasn't more than an hour and a half later he phoned me there was a party down there wanted to buy it, a Mr. Drew from New York that was building a summer home at Groton Long


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Run along to bed now, dear. Mummy'll be right up to hear your prayers and plug in your blanket."

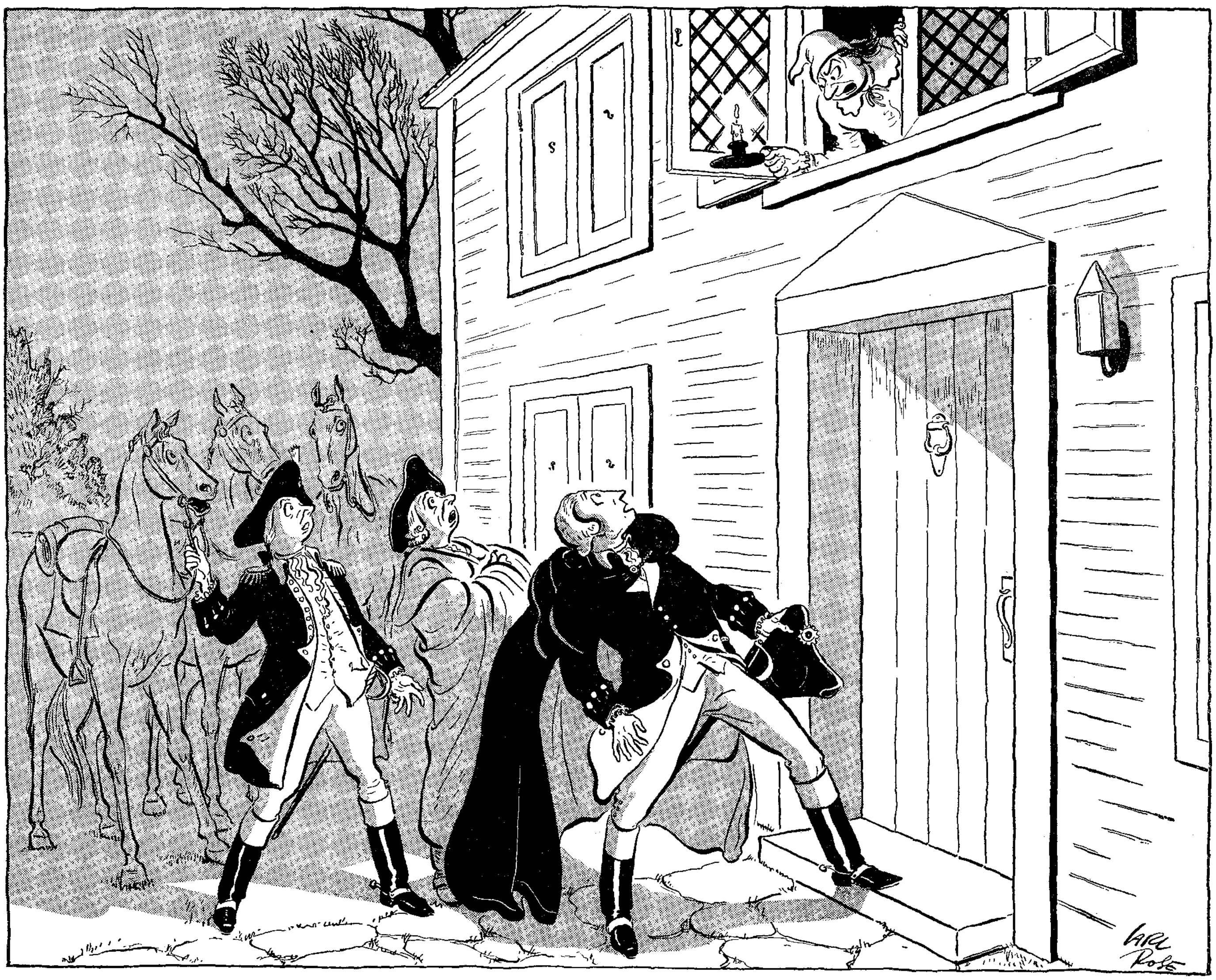
Point. He was planning a marine room and wanted some boat pictures for it. He took my address and drove to the house—he surprised me; didn't look odd at all—and inquired did I have any others for sale. I said, 'Why, hell yes,' and hauled them out. He took five, including the one that was in the window—three big and two small—and wrote me out a check for four hundred dollars."

This windfall had a bad effect on Ellery. When he started his next painting, he found that he couldn't get anything to look right. Halfway through, he gave it up and started another. "I know now what was wrong," he says. "Instead of painting a picture for the fun of it, just something to show to Ma and the fellows on the dock, I was trying to paint a picture worth one hundred dollars." After a number of false starts, he lost his confidence. He wrapped his art gear in a blanket and stowed it in the Eleanor's spare bunk and didn't paint any more for three years. In the summer of 1934, a Stonington captain bought a new dragger and asked Ellery to paint a picture of it. "What'll you give me?" Ellery asked. The captain offered a box of cigars. "Make it a quart of Scotch and throw in the cost of the canvas," Ellery told him, "and I'll see what I can do." The captain agreed. Ellery got out a stretched canvas and propped it against a lobster trap on the dock and sat on another trap and went to work. "I was real fumbly at first," he says, "but I soon got my nerve back. Everybody around the dock dropped what they were doing and came and stood in back of me and told me how to do it, but I finished it that afternoon and it turned out good. The dragger was fresh off the ways, hadn't even been shook down, but I put her out on the high seas, fighting a storm. That tickled the captain. When I got through, two other captains made arrangements with me to paint their boats."

Since then, Ellery has painted between fifty and sixty draggers, trawlers, mackerel seiners, and lobster smacks, and his price has advanced from a quart of Scotch to thirty-five dollars if the client is a Stonington man or seventy-five if he is a stranger. "I'm proud of my painting," Ellery says. "On the other hand, I'm sorry I ever started it. It's hard to satisfy a fishing captain and it gets harder and harder. You not only have to paint his boat as accurate as a blueprint, you have to put it in a storm, a terrible storm. They all insist on that. Like a captain said the other day, 'It's a good painting, Ellery, only I wish you'd put in a bolt of lightning striking the mast.' Each wants a worse storm than the others. It's got so if I was to paint a boat that looked as if there was a remote possibility it might make port, the captain would take offense." Except for his own work, Ellery doesn't have much interest in painting. Once, when the Eleanor was laid up in Newport by engine trouble, he and Frank and Charlie spent an afternoon in Providence and visited the museum at the Rhode Island School of Design. They had on their fishing clothes and felt ill at ease and stayed only a few minutes. "We couldn't get out of there fast enough," Ellery says. He sometimes seems to feel that his success as a painter is a joke he has played on the world. "Nearly about every fishing captain from Point Jude to New London has one of my paintings hung up in his home," Ellery says, "and every now and then, when I'm driving past those homes at night, I can't help saying to myself, 'Good God A'mighty! What have I done?' " Other paintings by Ellery hang in net lofts, chandleries, dock offices, and dockside saloons in eastern Connecticut fishing ports. Most of these are of the Eleanor. Bindloss, the dock proprietor, owns six. There is a Thompson in Fulton Market. It is owned by Jim Coyne, general manager of John Feeney, Inc., the firm to which Ellery ships his fish, and it hangs in the Feeney stall in the old Fishmongers Association shed. Every summer, people from New York City, on vacation in and around Stonington, buy some of Ellery's work. They never fail to inform him that he is a primitive. This word used to anger him. He now understands its significance in relation to painting, but he pretends that he doesn't. Last summer, a woman from New York told him that she knew dozens of painters but he was the first primitive she'd ever met. "I'm not as primitive as I have been," Ellery said. "Nowheres near. Back before I got the rheumatism, I was without a doubt the most primitive man in eastern Connecticut."

THE last few years, owing to the growth of his interest in oceanography, Ellery has been devoting less and less time to painting. He says he first heard of oceanography one Saturday afternoon in May, 1943. He and several other dragger captains had called it a week and were sitting in the sun on the stringpiece of Bindloss's dock, sharing a bottle, when two strangers walked up and introduced themselves: they were Daniel Merriman, director of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale, and Herbert E. Warfel, a research assistant. Mr. Merriman told the captains that the staff of the laboratory was about to begin work on a lengthy study of the fishes in the eastern Connecticut and western Rhode Island grounds, and he asked for their coöperation. He said that he and Mr. Warfel would be in charge of the study and that they wanted to drive over from New Haven once or twice a month and go out to the grounds on Stonington draggers and examine catches and make oceanographic observations. When Ellery heard this, he promptly left the group and went down the dock and stayed in the cabin of the Eleanor until the oceanographers had departed. Scientists of one sort or another—aquatic biologists from the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, ichthyologists from New England universities, and, in recent years, drug-company chemists assaying the vitamins in the liver oil of various fishes—frequently visit the Stonington docks, and Ellery had formed a low opinion of them. On three occasions, just to be accommodating, he had taken scientists out to the Hell Hole. "They were all alike," he says. "The first hour, while we were making a drag, they got in the way. You couldn't turn around without stepping on Dr. Somebody-or-Other. The second hour, while we were sorting a haul, they sat on their tails and watched us sort and disputed among themselves concerning what was the right Latin name for this fish and that fish, and somehow—up to our knees in fish and wet to the skin—all that Latin had a tendency to get on our nerves. The third hour, they ate sandwiches. The fourth hour, they threw up."

The other captains were more sympathetic. That same month, Mr. Merri-



FOOTNOTES TO AMERICAN HISTORY

A shortsighted Colonial forefather refuses General Washington a night's lodging.

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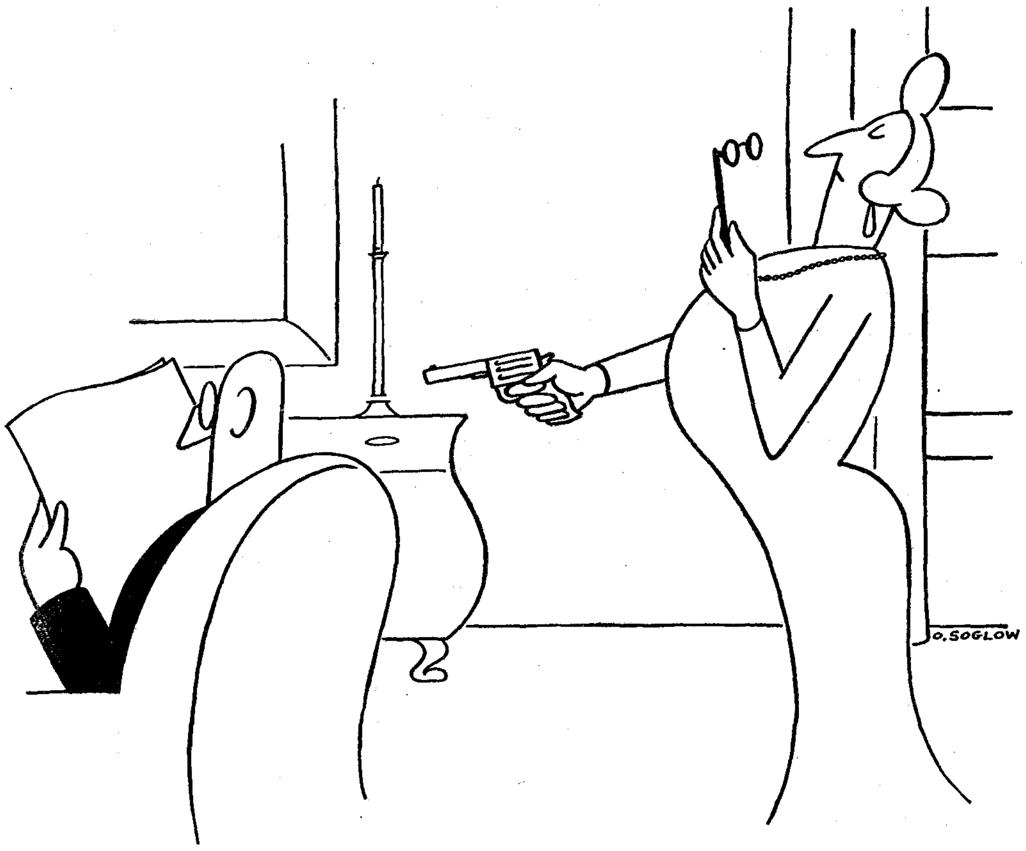
man and Mr. Warfel went out with Captain S. W. Stenhouse on the Nathaniel B. Palmer and with Captain W. H. McLaughlin on the Marise. During the first week of June, they went out with Captain Roscoe Bacchiocchi on the Baby II. Mr. Merriman noticed that these captains replied to a good many of the questions he and Mr. Warfel asked them by saying that they didn't know but that Captain Thompson, on the Eleanor, probably did. Captain Bacchiocchi, for example, when asked if hogchoker flounders ever entered Block Island Sound, said that he wouldn't know a hogchoker if he caught one but that he thought he remembered hearing Ellery Thompson say something or other about catching some. Twice, seeing the Eleanor tied up at Bindloss's dock, Mr. Merriman went aboard her looking for Captain Thompson, but each time a man down in the cabin, who he later found out was Captain Thompson himself, shouted up the companionway that Captain Thompson had just knocked off and gone to the movies. Finally, on a Sunday night late in June, Mr. Merriman telephoned Ellery at his home. Their conversation was an odd one, and Mr. Merriman can recollect it. He told Ellery that he was eager to make a trip to the grounds with him and started to tell why, but Ellery interrupted and asked, "What do you call yourself—Doctor or Mister?" Mr. Merriman said that he was a Ph.D. but much preferred to be called Mister. Ellery said he would have to think the matter over. Then, abruptly making up his mind, he said, "Oh, hell, be down at the dock tomorrow morning at half past five and we'll take you out and get it over with." Mr. Merriman tried to thank him, but Ellery interrupted again and said, "Don't thank me. Just keep out of the way. And when you see we've got our hands full pulling in a net and the dogfish are swarming around and the gulls are screeching and the winch is backfiring and everything on deck is all balled up, don't you and the other professor pick that particular moment to butt in and ask questions. And don't bring sandwiches. If there's anything I despise, it's sandwiches. While you're on my boat, I'll feed you."

Mr. Merriman, having known many fishing captains and having long since concluded that they are the most plain-spoken of men, took Ellery's bluntness for granted. Mr. Merriman is a friendly, adaptable, serious young scientist who has put in about as much time in the field as in the laboratory. In 1930, deciding that fish interested him more than the liberal arts, he quit Harvard, where he was a junior, and spent two years knocking around fishing ports in the United States and England, going to banks in the Gulf of Maine in trawlers out of Groton and to banks in the North Sea in trawlers and herring drifters out of the English ports of Grimsby and Lowestoft. Then he returned to school—not to Harvard but to the College of Fisheries in the University of Washington, in Seattle. After getting a Master's degree at Washington for a study of the effects of temperature on the development of the eggs and larvae of the cutthroat trout, he went to Yale, in 1935, as a graduate student in zoology. In 1938, he became an instructor in biology. In 1942, when he was thirty-four, he was raised to assistant professor of biology, curator of oceanography in the Peabody Museum, and director of the Oceanographic Laboratory. A paper he did on the striped bass is the standard work on that fish. He is a Bostonian and a member of an old New England teaching family. His father, the late Professor Roger Bigelow Merriman, taught history at Harvard for forty-three years. Charles W. Eliot, the Harvard president, was an uncle. Mr. Warfel is an Indianian of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. He has studied fish, sometimes as a teacher and sometimes as a state fish-and-game-department biologist, in Colorado, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. He believes that the proper study of fish embraces the cooking and eating of them. He originated a squid chowder. He and some of his colleagues occasionally stay late in the laboratory and make a quart of caviar, using eggs of the longhorn sculpin—the common hacklehead, a trash fish whose only value ordinarily is as bait for lobster traps.

Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel went out to the Hell Hole with Ellery on the last Monday in June, 1943. "Frank and I got down to the dock at five-thirty, as usual," Ellery says, "and the professors were already on the Eleanor, sitting on the hatch, making themselves at home, but Charlie hadn't showed up. The professors were sleepy-eyed and they hadn't bothered to shave and they had their old clothes on, and I mean old clothes. Frank and I went below to start the engine, and Frank said they were the most un-professor-looking two damned professors ever he saw. It was a hot, drizzly morning and Frank was cranky, and so was I. We got things started, but still no Charlie. Finally, the landlady of a draggermen's rooming house up on Water Street where Charlie roomed at the time came poking down the dock and said Charlie sent word he wasn't able to get out of bed, his left knee was hurting him so. Charlie's got something chronic to matter with his left knee, and he has to quit work every so often and doctor it. It's a peculiar affliction. It hardly ever troubles him until Saturday. Along about noon Saturday, he starts to limp around and look blue and complain his left knee is all swoll up, and Saturday night he starts taking something to bring the swelling down. Sometimes it's Tuesday or Wednesday before the swelling goes down sufficient for him to do a day's work. He's tried all kinds of patent medicines and salves and liniment, but the only thing that seems to give him any real relief is rye whiskey. He takes it internally. I asked him one day, 'Charlie, for the love of God,' I said, 'why don't you try rubbing it on?,' but he said it seems to do more good if he takes it internally.

"I didn't much want to go out to the grounds without Charlie. We can work the Eleanor two-handed, but I don't like to; I'm one draggerman that aims to reach old age without wearing a truss. The professors spoke up and said they'd be glad to pitch in and help. I thought to myself, 'A lot of help you two'll be.' On the other hand, I wanted to keep my promise, so I told Frank to let's get going. I took her out past Watch Hill Light; then I gave Frank the wheel and I went below and got breakfast. I made some coffee and scrambled some eggs and I broiled four nice hen lobsters. As it happened, it was the first time the professors ever et lobsters for breakfast, but I didn't hear any complaints. We hit the Hell Hole and started to shoot the net and got in trouble right away. Frank shoved the bag of the net off the stern, the way he always does, but a wave caught it before it sank and gave it a throwing around, and that jerked the wings of the net sideways on the deck, and the bridle on one of the net doors got all snaked up. In other words, a damned mess. I was at the wheel and couldn't do anything about it. Frank ran back to try and fix it, but before he got there, Mr. Merriman leaped on the door and grabbed the bridle. I thought to myself, 'That's one young man that wasn't present when the brains was passed out,' and I yelled to him to stand back there. I fully expected to see him snatched into the middle of next week, but he seesawed the bridle back into working order as good as I could have done, or Frank, or any other draggerman, and he leaped off the door a second or two before it went overboard like a shot out of a gun. I called him over to the wheel and I inquired where in hell did he learn how to handle an otter trawl. I asked him did they teach that up at Yale. And he said he'd worked in fishing boats to some



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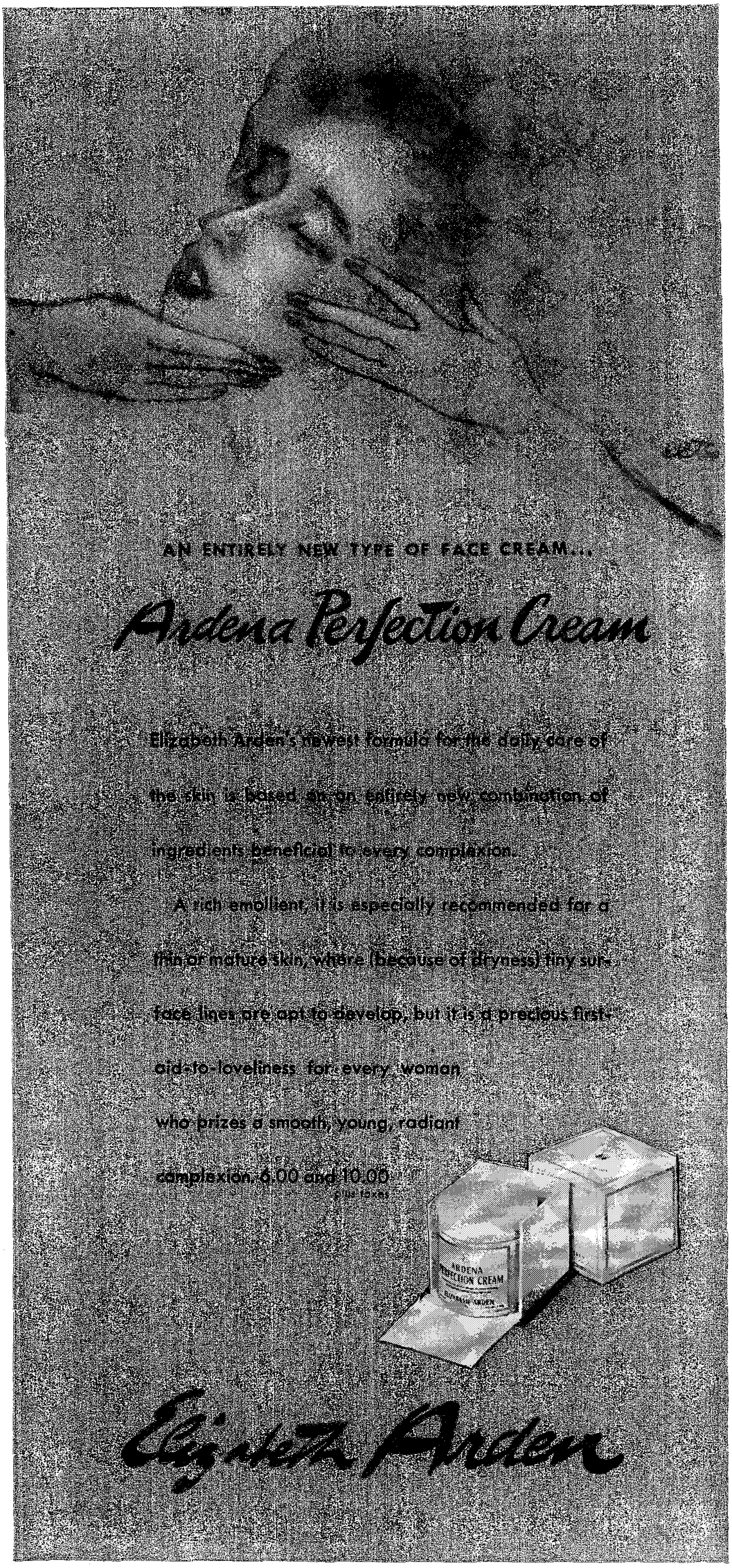
extent when he was younger. So, naturally, when I heard that, I had some respect for him.

"When we brought the net in and emptied it on deck, the professors helped us sort. They squatted down and took right hold. There was all the difference in the world between them and the other scientists. They worked as hard as us, except for stopping now and then to jot down a note. And they didn't throw any Latin around. They used fishermen's fish names. They didn't call a squirrel hake a *Hippogloppus hoppogloppus*; they called it a snot head, the same as we do. We got the haul sorted and barrelled, and then we went below for a mug-up, and they started in asking me questions such as did I ever come across any hogchokers, and when was the last bluefish run and how did it compare with the big bluefish runs in the old days, the bluefish gluts, and what species did I consider were being fished out, and other questions like that. They must've asked me fifty questions.

"We made two one-hour drags, and then a drizzly fog set in, so we proceeded back to the dock. We unloaded, and it was only noon, so I asked the professors why didn't they stay for lunch, I'd broil them a fluke. While we were eating, I told them it was my time to be district attorney, I'd like to ask *them* a question. I told them there was a matter that had bothered me since childhood days, that I had turned it over in my head a hundred times without coming to a sensible conclusion—namely, 'How do lobsters mate? How in the world do they go about it?' I asked did they know. Well, they knew. They had the scientific facts, and they got out their note pads and drew some diagrams to show the ABCs of the matter. Frank was up on deck, airing out a net, and I yelled to him to come below; I didn't want him to miss it. And that led to the mating habits of whales. And then I asked what was their private theories on the eelgrass mystery. That's a grass that used to grow on the bottom of bays all over the North Atlantic coast, thousands upon thousands of acres of it. It had long, narrow blades that looked eely. It was highly beneficial to fishermen, because scallops lived in it; it was shelter for the scallops. During 1931, it all disappeared. One week there'd be a thick stand of eelgrass in a bay; next week you couldn't find a living blade of it. Bay scallops practically disappeared, too. That's why they're so dear. The old retired fishermen sitting on the docks thought up all kinds of theories at the time, the way they do. One old man, an old Baptist, it was his idea that God was punishing the fishermen for their misspent lives. 'The eelgrass is only the beginning,' he used to say. 'The fish'll go next.' The professors had the facts. A fungus had got into the tissues of the grass—one of those buggers that can't be seen with the naked eye—and had multiplied to a God-awful extent. They made some sketches of it, how it looks under the microscope, and they explained how it rotted the grass. And then we got on the subject of the grounds in the Sargasso Sea, where the eels go to spawn, the American eels bedding down together in one ground and the European eels in another. And then we discussed the tides and the moon and the Gulf Stream and the Continental Shelf and the Continental Slope and the deeps. I always took it for granted the deeps were out in the middle of the ocean somewhere, but I was wrong; one of the deepest holes in the entire Atlantic is a Grand Canyon of a hole that goes down four thousand feet just a few miles outside New York Harbor. When I brought the Eleanor up from the boat yard in Jersey where she was built, I might've passed right over that hole. It makes my flesh crawl. We talked and drank coffee all afternoon. I answered their questions and they answered mine. I gave them the practical dope and they gave me the scientific dope. It was quite a discussion and I really enjoyed it. When they were leaving, they asked could they go out again on the Eleanor, and I told them, 'Why, hell yes.' And they asked could they bring some of their apparatus aboard next trip, and I told them I didn't see any reason why not, they were entirely welcome to do so. I told them they could make the Eleanor their headquarters."

EVER since then, Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel have spent at least one day a month on the Eleanor; it has become their research vessel. Ellery has an old Yale pennant, a souvenir of a Yale-Harvard boat race at New London, that he flies when they are aboard. The oceanographers keep a number of reference books in the Eleanor's pilot house. In addition, one shelf of the canned-goods cupboard in the cabin is crammed with books, most of which are about fish. These belong to Ellery; he is building a scientific library of his own. He started it with "Fishes of the Gulf of Maine," by Henry B. Bigelow and William W. Welsh, a big, old, out-of-print Bureau of Fisheries work that is a classic of American ichthyology. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel found a copy for Ellery in a second-hand bookstore in Boston and gave it to him for Christmas in 1944. Ellery has great respect for it. He has read and reread it, he lends it to other captains, and he frequently quotes from it. Mr. Warfel believes that Ellery is no longer hostile to Latin and is quite sure that he has memorized the Latin fish names in Bigelow & Welsh. Ellery profanely denies this. He slips up every so often, however. Two sharks appear in multitudes in the Stonington grounds at certain seasons, the spiny dogfish (*Squalus acanthias*) and the smooth dogfish (*Mustelus canis*). Not long ago, in conversation with Mr. Warfel, Ellery mentioned a big shark that swam up while the net was coming out of the water and tore a hole in it trying to get at the fish inside, and Mr. Warfel asked, "What was it—a spiny dog or a smooth dog?" "It was an *acanthias*," Ellery said.

Ellery and the oceanographers have become good friends. He calls them Dan and Herb. In between their trips to Stonington, he sends them logs, which are full of information about conditions on the grounds. He has collected many specimens for them. Whenever a Stonington draggerman notices a queer fish in a haul, such as one of the strays from tropical waters that work their way north in the Gulf Stream, he saves it and gives it to Ellery. Ellery writes the date and place of capture, and any other relevant facts the draggerman can supply, on a strip of rag paper, sticks this in the fish's mouth, and drops the fish in a five-gallon can of formaldehyde that the oceanographers keep in Bindloss's dock house for this purpose. The oceanographers have finished half a dozen monographs on phases of their study. In each of these, they acknowledged Ellery's assistance. For example, in a footnote in "The Spawning Habits, Eggs, and Larvae of the Sea Raven, *Hemitripterus americanus*, in Southern New England," they wrote, "The authors are greatly indebted to Captain Ellery Thompson of the vessel Eleanor, out of Stonington, Connecticut, whose coöperation has been invaluable in much of the work of this laboratory in recent years." Two of Ellery's paint-



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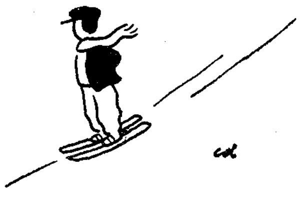
ings of the Eleanor have been acquired by the laboratory. Ellery spent a day at the laboratory in April, 1945, but he has declined to go again. "There's entirely too many dead fish up there," he says. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel occasionally bring a colleague along on their trips to the grounds. Dr. Ernest Freeman Thompson, an international authority on the hermit crab, and Dr. Werner Bergmann, a chemistry professor who studies the taxonomy of marine invertebrates for fun, have made three trips each. Mr. Merriman's father once came down from Harvard and went out to the Mussel Bed with Ellery. All the way out, he stood by the wheel and told Ellery stories about Suleiman the Magnificent, of whom he had written a biography. Ellery liked him. When Professor Merriman died, in September of 1945, Ellery sent flowers. "He had a good head on him," Ellery says. After their monthly trip, Ellery always gives a supper for the oceanographers at his home in New London. At first, he just had cold cuts and beer, but his mother, who keeps house for him, considered that inhospitable. Mrs. Thompson is a cook in the old American big-kitchen tradition, the kind of woman who will make a fruit or meringue pie that no pastry chef in New York City could equal and then apologize for it. She likes to cook and she likes to see people eat, and Ellery's suppers have developed into banquets. For a recent one, Mrs. Thompson stuffed a twenty-pound turkey with three dozen Robbins Island oysters and roasted it.



Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel drive over to Stonington in an old truck that the Oceanographic Laboratory shares with the geology department, and park it on Bindloss's dock. They bring two chests of apparatus—thermometers, silk plankton nets, Mason jars for small specimens, a measuring board, and a jug of formaldehyde. They set the chests up on the Eleanor's aft hatch. During a drag, they bottle samples of sea water, surface and bottom; take the temperature of the air and of the water, surface and bottom; make weather notes; and collect samples of plankton, the microscopic floating plant and animal life that is the basic food of most fishes. When the net is brought aboard and emptied on deck, they examine a few members of each species of fish in the haul. Twenty-three species are encountered in numbers in the Stonington grounds. Commercially, they fall into three categories—regularly marketed, occasionally marketed, and trash. Eight species are regularly marketed—blackback flounders, yellowtail flounders, fluke flounders, witch flounders, cod, haddock, cunners, and porgies. Five species are occasionally marketed—windowpane flounders, whiting, Boston hake, squirrel hake, and ocean pout. Ten species are regarded as trash—Baptist flounders, longhorn sculpin, little skates, big skates, barn-door skates, goosefish, sea ravens, sea robins, spiny dogfish, and smooth dogfish. These are always sorted out and thrown back, a process that kills a large proportion of them. By accumulating data on the whole hauls of the Eleanor and of other draggers over a period of seven months, a project in which they were assisted by Ellery, Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel determined that approximately fifty-three per cent of the catch of the Stonington fleet is thrown back. They consider this an appalling waste. All these fish are edible, but Americans are prejudiced against them, mainly because of their appearance; with the exception of the Baptist flounder, which has four lovely circle-within-a-circle designs on its top side, they are remarkably grotesque. In flavor and texture, most of them are as good as those that are regularly marketed, and one, the barn-door skate, when properly cooked, is superior. Skates are esteemed in England, and *raie au beurre noir* is one of the great fish dishes of France. Other New England fleets ship trash fish in small quantities to Fulton Market, where they are sold to two dissimilar groups: buyers for luxury hotels and restaurants, and proprietors of little one- and two-bin fish stores in Italian, Spanish, and Chinese neighborhoods.

A hodgepodge of invertebrates comes up in every dragger haul—lobsters, squid, blue crabs, rock crabs, hermit crabs, surf clams, blood clams, bay scallops, sea scallops, cockles, mussels, moon snails, pear conchs, sand dollars, starfish, serpent stars, sea anemones, sea squirts, sea mice, sea urchins, and sponges. Except for the lobsters and scallops, and sometimes the squid and blue crabs, these are also thrown back or swept through the scuppers—another example of blind American waste. The ripe raw roe of sea urchins is finer than most of the caviar that reaches us. Pear conchs, or conks, shipped as a sideline by oystermen and clammers, are used in a hot Italian dish called *scungili*; there are basement restaurants on Mulberry Street that specialize in it and are referred to as *scungili* places. *Scungili* is similar in taste and texture to mushrooms. Also, like mushrooms, it has a musky, wet-earth smell. People who go often to Italian restaurants have probably eaten pear conchs and moon snails without knowing it; both are widely used in a sauce for spaghetti and other *pasta* dishes. The Chinese in Chinatown eat all the pear conchs they can get their hands on.

On every trip on the Eleanor, Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel pick out one haul, usually the second of the day, and buy all the fish in it, marketable and trash, paying whatever prices are current in Fulton Market. These fish, unsorted, are barrelled and iced and set aside in the hold; there may be anywhere from two to six barrels. At the end of the trip, they are loaded on the truck and taken to the laboratory. Next day, Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel and their colleagues assemble around cutting tables in a room in the basement of the laboratory called the "crud room" and weigh and measure and decipher the sex of every fish. Samples of each species are then put in cold storage and taken out one by one and dissected and examined in regard to age, stage of sexual maturity, stomach contents, and parasites—a job that takes several days. This laboratory data and the data collected on the grounds, when put together, like the parts of a puzzle, yield information about spawning and feeding habits, rates of growth, ages, natural and fishing mortalities, fish diseases, competition among fishes for food, and relationships between individuals and between species. An analysis of the causes of fluctuations in abundance in southern New England fishing grounds will be made on the basis of this information. That is the main purpose of the study. The oceanographers hope that they will eventually be able to estimate the tonnage of each species that draggermen can take in a season without dangerously depleting the stock.

FISHERMEN and fishmongers along the southern New England coast have given obscene names to a number of fishes. Some of these names are so imaginative, scornful, and apt that they are startling. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel collect them. They also collect Block Island stories, or Block Islands. Block Island is nine miles out in the Atlantic, off Rhode Island, to which it belongs; it is small and shaped like an oyster shell and almost treeless. The tides around it are treacherous, and hundreds of ships have been wrecked on its reefs and sand bars. The islanders are cold to strangers and are hostile to fishermen from the mainland who drag in the grounds surrounding it, such as the Hell Hole and the Mussel Bed. In retaliation, the mainlanders for generations have made up stories about them, accusing them of stinginess and of depending upon wrecks for a living. One afternoon this winter, the Eleanor, with the oceanographers aboard, skirted Cow Cove, on the northern tip of Block Island, while returning from a trip to the Mussel Bed. It was a sunny, still afternoon, and the air was so clear that the lighthouse on Montauk Point, twenty miles to the southwest, was visible. Frank was at the wheel. Ellery and Mr. Merriman and Mr. Warfel were sitting on the aft hatch, eating boiled lobsters. Charlie was lying on his back in the life dory, staring at a photograph in a magazine called *Sunshine and Health*, which is the official organ of the American Sunbathing Association, a nudist group. Next to *Popular Mechanics*, it is his favorite magazine. Ellery suddenly snapped his fingers. "I was about to forget," he said. "I heard a Block Island the other day. Johnny Bindloss told it. Johnny had it years ago from his grandfather, old man William Park Bindloss. He was a stone mason who specialized in lighthouses. He built South East Light on Block Island, and he lived over there a year or two and got acquainted. In those days, according to the general talk, the islanders got the better part of their bread and butter salvaging off wrecks. There'd be wrecks on the reefs all during the winter, coasting vessels mostly, and the stuff in them would wash up on the beach. The islanders would stand on the beach all day and all night, hooking for the stuff with poles that had bent nails on the ends of them. They were called wreck hooks. Everybody would line up down there and hook—little children, great-grandmothers, *every*body that could walk. The competition got so thick that they all agreed on a standard-length hook. Everybody had to use the same length. Around that time, a preacher from the mainland came over and settled on the island to preach the word of God and make a living for himself. The islanders listened to him, but they didn't offer to pay him anything. Along about February, he got real lean and raggedy. He was nothing but skin and bones. The islanders didn't want him to starve to death over there. For one thing, they'd have to bury

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him. So they held a meeting and argued the matter back and forth. One man made a motion they should take up a collection for the preacher, but this man had a reputation for being simple and his motion was so idiotic they didn't even discuss it. Some wanted each family to give the preacher a peck of potatoes or a turnip or two, and some were for giving him a fish whenever there was a good big catch. They couldn't agree. They argued until late that night. Finally, they decided they'd let him have a wreck hook an inch and a half longer than all the rest. If he couldn't get a living with that, he could starve to death."

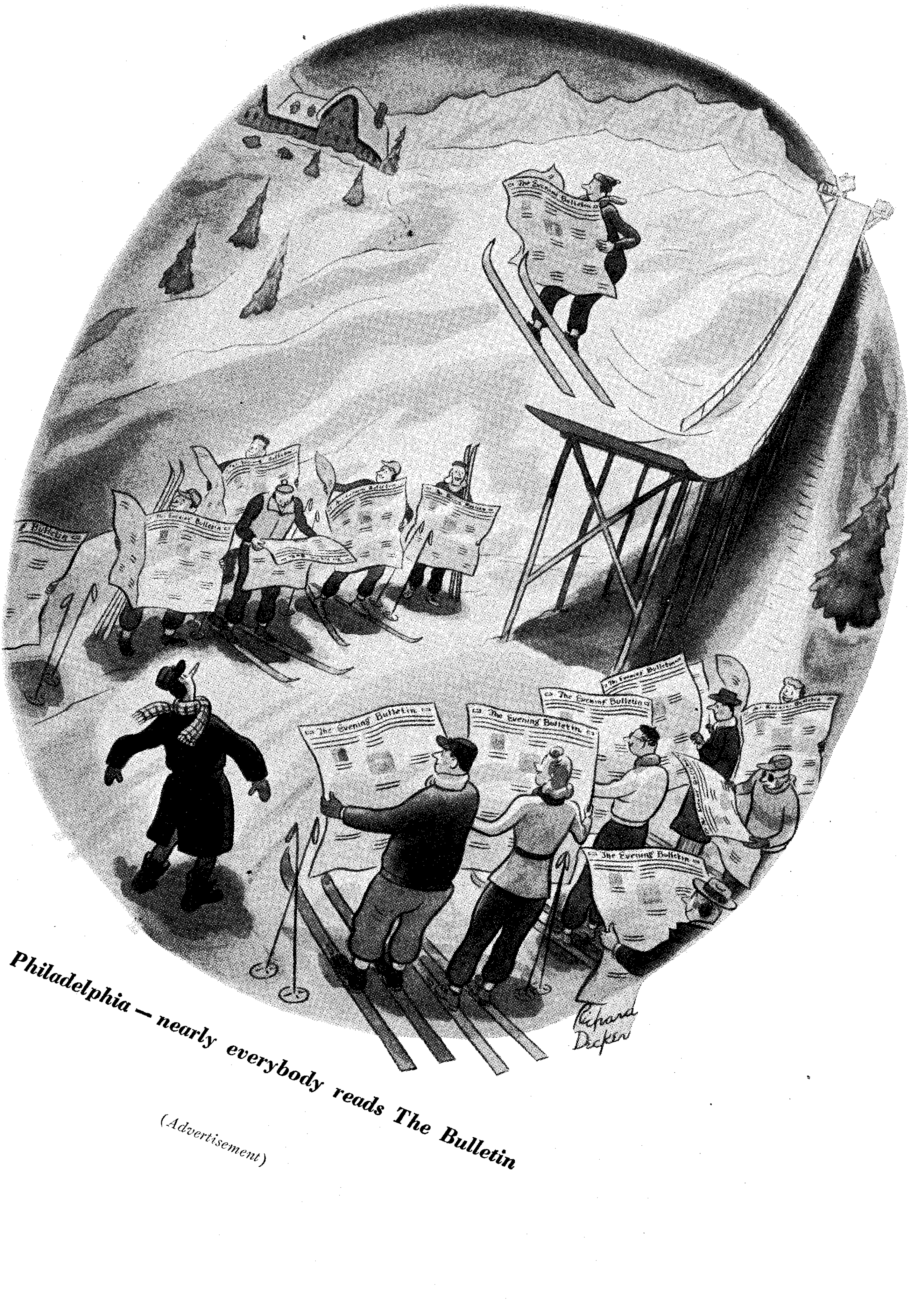
Charlie laid aside his *Sunshine and Health* and sat up in the life dory. "That must've been around the time old Christine was ruling the south end of the island," Charlie said. "Old Chrissy was an old rascal of a woman that was the head of a gang of wreckers. They lured ships in with false lights, and they killed the sailors and passengers, so there wouldn't be any tales told. Old Chrissy took charge of the killing. She had a big club and she'd hist her skirt and wade out in the surf and clout the people on the head as they swam in or floated in. She called a wreck a wrack, the way the Block Islanders do. That's the way she pronounced it. One night, she and her gang lured a ship up on the reef, and the sailors were floating in, and old Chrissy was out there clouting them on their heads. One poor fellow floated up, and it was one of old Chrissy's sons, who'd left the island and gone to the mainland to be a sailor. He looked up at old Chrissy and said, 'Hello, Ma.' Old Chrissy didn't hesitate. She gave him a clout on the head with her club. 'A son's a son,' she said, 'but a wrack's a wrack.' " —JOSEPH MITCHELL

(*This is the second of two articles on Captain Thompson.*)

•

Grand Rapids—An unnamed nimrod experienced the thrilling coincidence of a car, a gun, and a der. He yielded. Asking his wife to drive ddown the road so as not to attract attention, he stalked the deer. He shot the deer. Hedragged the door and said, "Move over, honey—I'll drive." Said a gruff stowed it in the trunk. He opened the deer back to the car. He masculine voice, "Not this car." Seeing another car, Mrs. Nimrod had kept on going, while the game warden waited in a car so nearly like the hunter's that he didn't notice the difference.—*Ramsey County (Minn.) Review.*

People like that shouldn't go hunting. Too much confusion.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THE THEATRE

ODDMENTS AND REMAINDERS

IN "Love Goes to Press," Martha Gellhorn and Virginia Cowles wrote what I'm sure they liked to think of as a satire, dealing with the adventures of two female correspondents on the Italian front. To the best of my knowledge, this was the first work to treat the late war on such frivolous terms and presumably it indicated that the time has come when we can properly consider the humorous aspects of Armageddon. This may well be a healthy sign, demonstrating the extraordinary resiliency of the human spirit, and it seems a pity that the play itself couldn't have been a little better, especially since both authors are experienced military reporters and ought to have known what they were talking about.

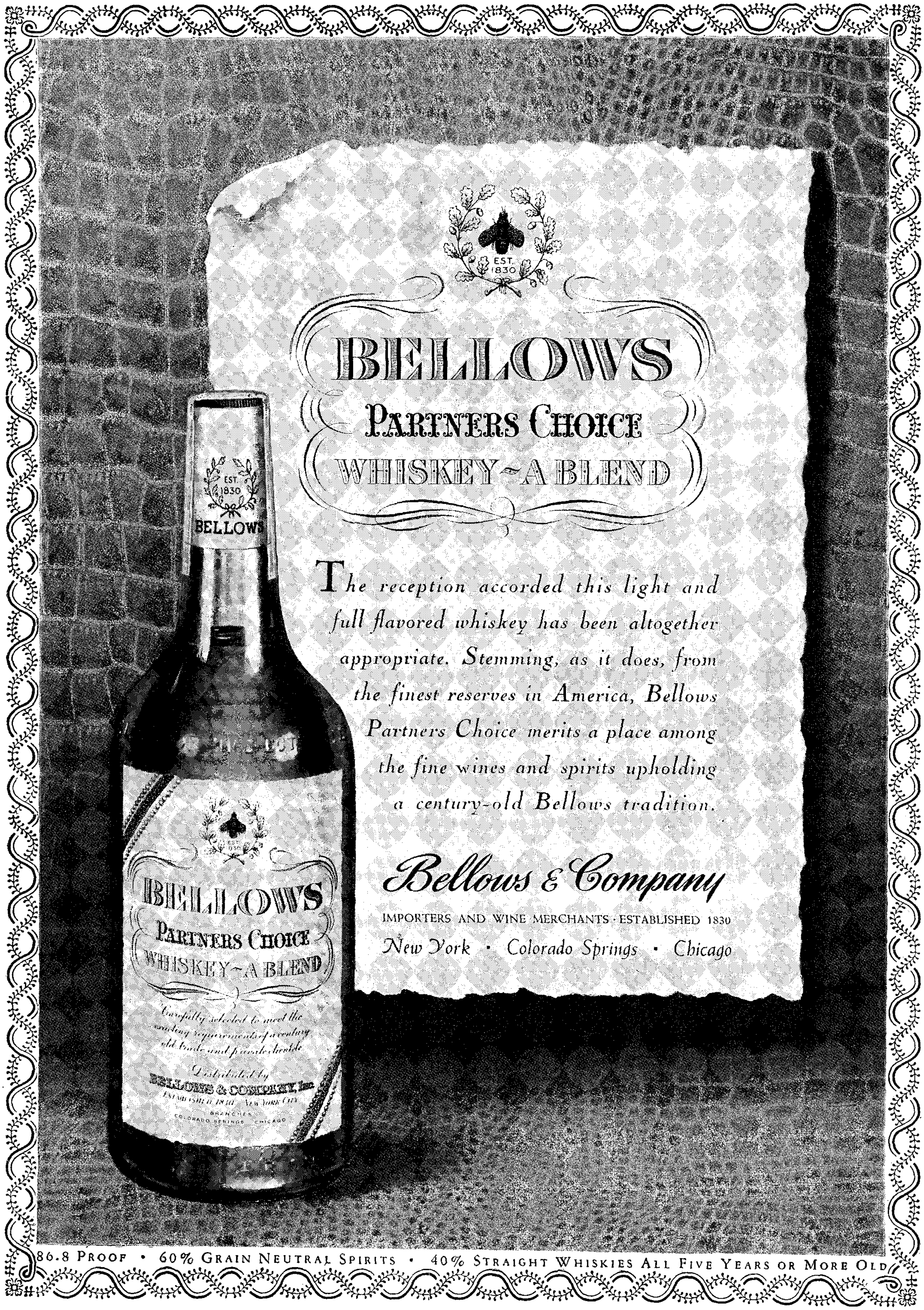
With so much material at their disposal, however, the ladies mysteriously decided to focus on love. One of their heroines, an intrepid blonde, entangled herself with a British Public Relations officer, who, though strongly prejudiced against women messing around battlefields, presently succumbed to her noisy, journalistic charm; the other—fortunately dark, since otherwise they were almost indistinguishable—was still helplessly attracted to her ex-husband, an unscrupulous writer who not only stole her stories but also managed to get himself engaged to a camp-show entertainer, some of whose mannerisms might have aroused a vague, indignant sense of recognition in Miss Gertrude Lawrence. These romances were by no means uncomplicated, since both girls were almost as preoccupied with scoops as they were with sex and spent a good deal of their time thinking up ingenious ways of smuggling themselves up to the front and getting shot. Much of "Love Goes to Press" was said to be autobiographical, and it is quite possible that Miss Gellhorn and Miss Cowles were indeed able to commandeer ambulances and even airplanes to take them behind the enemy lines practically at will. I can only say that it seemed a little silly to me, almost as if somebody had been tinkering around with an idea for a moving picture.

In spite of this generally discouraging report and the play's abrupt failure at the Biltmore, there were some rewarding moments in the course of the evening. The camp-show girl was a fine, stylish caricature; the heroines' cheerful habit of calling up a general, conceivably the hero of El Alamein, whenever childish Army regulations threatened to cramp their activities was rather engaging; and there was a really hilarious scene toward the end, when the Public Relations man explained to his fiancée the delights of her future life in his native Yorkshire. When she wasn't sitting up with sick cows or defending herself against swarms of bees, it seemed she would be required to get up at some ungodly hour in the morning to catch fish or fall off horses. All this was very satisfactory entertainment, and I wish I could say that the rest of the play measured up to it. The reason it didn't, I guess, was that while the authors were occasionally able to see their characters as a couple of good, hearty comics, they were unable to get away from the contrary notion that the girls were also talented, sensitive, and pretty damn picturesque figures, of some serious dramatic consequence. The result was a blend of the glamorous and absurd that may, I suppose, easily have been the truth but was moderately confusing on the stage just the same. The members of the cast, six of whom had been imported from a previous London production, all gave nice, brisk performances. I'm sorry that more people couldn't have seen them.

TY KILLED
STEINBERG

"TEMPER THE WIND," at the Playhouse, is an earnest, right-minded, but unfortunately not very effective melodrama about the denazification of Germany. The authors, Edward Mabley and Leonard Mins, have gone into the problem conscientiously, thoughtfully producing one character to represent each facet of their argument. These include a formidable old lady, a member of the Prussian military aristocracy, who, while still believing in her country's destiny, never considered Hitler anything more than an Austrian lunatic; her brother, a factory owner, who, indifferent to racial principles, nevertheless found National Socialism useful in a business way; his son-in-law, a pure and fanatical Nazi, engaged, since the defeat, in guerrilla warfare against the Allied Military Government; an American industrialist, who symbolizes the group in this country that still puts its faith in international cartels and fears Russia far more than the idea of renascent Fascism; a Czech captain, whose simple loathing for Germany has been in his blood for a thousand years; a "good" German, who has always hated Nazism and now turns in the surviving Party members to the conquerors; and an American lieutenant colonel, in charge of the occupation district, who is nobly determined that no German shall ever make war again but whose exact views on how this is to be accomplished are not much more coherent than those you are apt to find expressed by some of our own statesmen in their interviews with the press.

It is a rather promising collection, and the authors' plot—something to do with the intrigue and violence that go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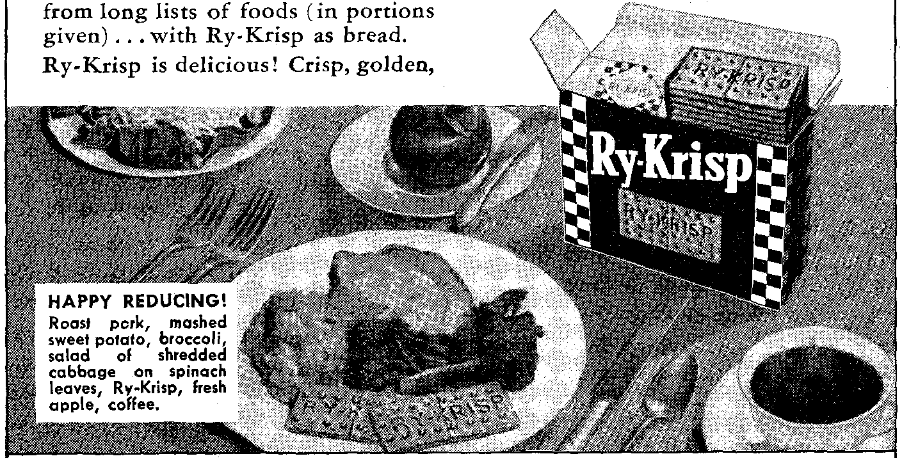

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and, of course, SPIVY, herself
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4 E. 56th St. PLaza 3-6426
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Superb DINNER
Closed Sundays
Continuous Entertainment from 9 P.M. until closing

LE RUBAN BLEU

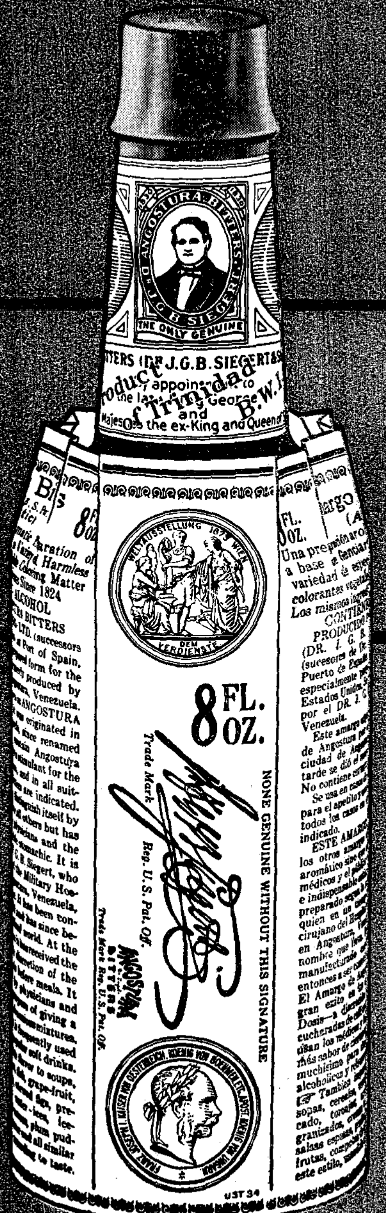
with an attempt to reopen a local factory—is at least serviceable. The trouble is that Mr. Mabley and Mr. Mins are not subtle men, and their characters suffer from such a drastic simplification that the descriptions of them I have given above might well be printed on placards and worn around their necks. Since the conversation follows a somewhat monotonous pattern—an evil cliché immediately corrected by a virtuous one—and the twists of the plot are hardly unpredictable, the play never seems to rise much above the plane of a studiously animated pamphlet. It is too bad, because basically the authors have something interesting and important to say.

Blanche Yurka, as the Junker matron, smokes a long, black cigar with obvious distaste, but she has the best lines in the play and delivers them with a fine, dry distinction. The others—Reinhold Schunzel, Walter Greaza, Tonio Selwart, and Thomas Beck—all work energetically but seldom manage to escape from the strictly machine-tooled nature of their parts.

"TOPLITZKY OF NOTRE DAME," at the Century, is one of those sad, damp enterprises that have no apparent title to either the word "musical" or "comedy," and, to be quite frank about it, no discernible business in any metropolis larger or more enlightened than Johnson City, Tennessee. If you care to be harassed with the plot, it is about an angel who decides to devote a furlough from Heaven to starring in Frank Leahy's backfield, which, it seems, is in pretty bad shape for the Army game. There are a good many complications, since even the Fighting Irish have a prejudice against people's playing under assumed names, but the real problem, of course, arises when he falls in love with a mortal girl. It is quite a dilemma, but George Marion, Jr., the author, is an old hand at this kind of stuff and everything resolves itself in happy imbecility at the end.

There isn't much more to tell you about "Toplitzky." Sammy Fain's music is as scratchy and familiar as an old phonograph record; the settings by Edward Gilbert never achieve much more than such routine picture-postcard effects as the immemorial scene on the penthouse terrace, with cut-out skyscrapers towering in the background against a velvet sky dotted with little electric stars; Kenn Barr's costumes are even more ferocious parodies of undergraduate apparel than we have learned to expect from the theatre; and the young men and women who wear them

It's what you put in...to make the flavor come out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are generally fairly dismaying, too. The cast includes J. Edward Bromberg, a capable actor but certainly no dialect comedian; Gus Van, long an ornament of vaudeville but here simply something of a nuisance; and Betty Jane Watson, a pretty, rather inexpressive girl, who keeps singing a terrible song called "Love Is a Random Thing" with every symptom of innocent enjoyment.

"WONDERFUL JOURNEY," which died practically unattended with the birth of the new year, was a fantasy in which a prizefighter came back from the grave, borrowed another man's body, and somehow straightened out various tangled mortal affairs. I never saw the screen version, called "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," but people who did have reported that the boundless ingenuities of the camera made it a rather cheerful and persuasive piece of nonsense. Robbed of mechanical assistance—being obliged, that is, to ask the audience to supply most of its own illusions—it was, I'm afraid, just a tiresome and preposterous little piece, demonstrating again that whimsical exercises in the supernatural are usually best avoided by writers whose names don't happen to be Noel Coward. The crew that went down with this doomed ship included Sidney Blackmer, Donald Murphy, and Philip Loeb.

I WOULD like to reproduce here two samples of humor from the play called "Lovely Me," now at the Coronet. For convenience, they are presented in a manner long familiar to readers of *Punch:*

JOKE A

GENTLEMAN (whose attention has been called by a lady to another gentleman, leading a dog on a leash): "Ah, but which one is the dog?"

JOKE B

LADY (reproving a little girl for using the word "hell"): "There is too much swearing around this goddam house."

This, I think, is all you really need to know about "Lovely Me," except, perhaps, that its cast contains Luba Malina, Mischa Auer, and Millard Mitchell. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

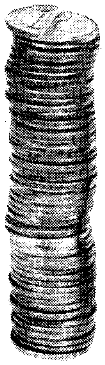
DECONTROLS

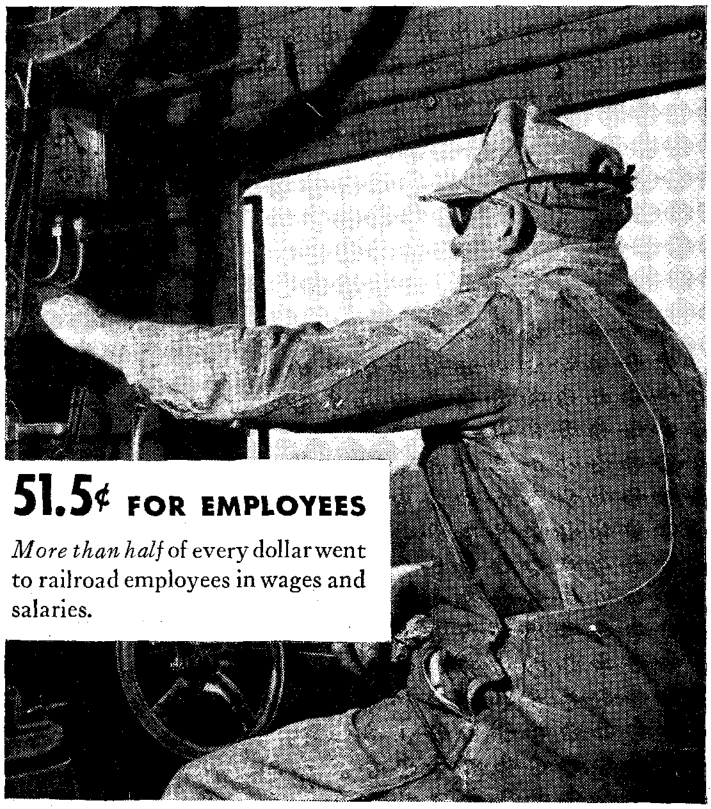
Up go the charges for suits;
Up go the spareribs and kraut;
Up go the prices of fruits—
Great grief! how the money
rolls out!
—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHO gets HOW MUCH of the RAILROAD DOLLAR?

(A REPORT TO THE PEOPLE FOR 1946)

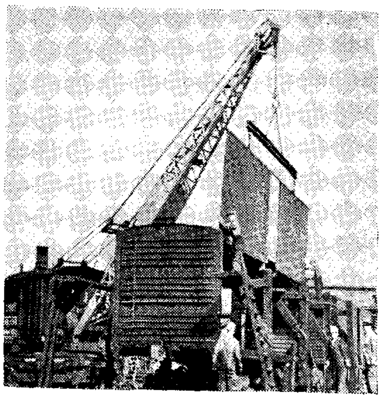
You, and all Americans, look to the railroads not only to take you places, but also to bring you things—food, clothing, fuel, and just about everything else for your home and your business. For this dependable service to 140 million people, and for hauling the heaviest peacetime traffic on record, the railroads received about 8 billion dollars in 1946. Let's see what became of this money.



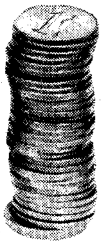


51.5¢ FOR EMPLOYEES

More than half of every dollar went to railroad employees in wages and salaries.

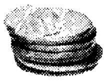


33¢ FOR MATERIALS

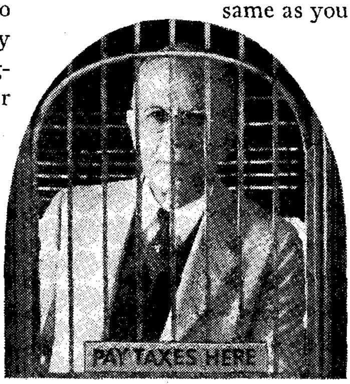


Much of this 33¢ spent for materials, fuel, and other supplies was, in turn, paid by the railroad suppliers to *their* employees. So, directly or indirectly, by far the largest part of the railroad dollar goes to pay wages.

6.2¢ FOR TAXES

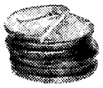


This part of the railroad dollar went to Federal, state, and local governments to be used—the same as your own taxes—to help maintain schools, courts, roads, police and fire protection, and for various other public services and institutions. None of this tax money is spent on railroad tracks or terminals.



FOR INSURANCE POLICYHOLDERS, INVESTORS IN BONDS, AND FOR RENTS

6.6¢

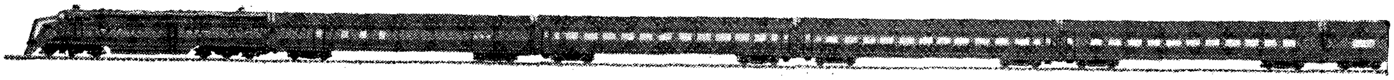


Most of this 6.6¢ was paid out in the form of interest to those people who lend money to the railroads — including those millions of thrifty Americans who invest indirectly in the railroads through their insurance policies and savings accounts. The average rate of interest which railroads pay on their bonds and other obligations is less than 4 per cent.

2.7¢ FOR IMPROVEMENTS AND OWNERS

And so after paying for wages, materials, taxes and necessary charges upon their obligations, railroads in 1946 had only 2.7¢ left out of each dollar they took in. Out of this they must pay for the improvements to keep railroad property abreast of public needs, before anything is available for dividends to their owners.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



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SNAPDRAGONS

WHEN Mrs. Dudley entered her florist's, a small establishment on upper Madison Avenue, she saw that Mr. Coccalis was waiting on a large, imposing, handsomely dressed woman somewhat older than she. Mrs. Dudley greeted Mike, the young helper and delivery man, and gave a friendly nod to Mr. Coccalis, who seemed to be struggling to be his usual pleasant self. His customer was asking him the prices of all kinds of flowers and combinations, criticizing the lengths of stems, telling him, in a tone that was at once imperious and familiar, that his flowers, just like everything else nowadays, weren't what they used to be, and in general making a ceremony of her transaction. Mrs. Dudley, after looking over the contents of Mr. Coccalis's window and refrigerator, went to the writing table to write the card that would be enclosed with the flowers she was going to send a sick friend. As she was writing, she heard the woman emphatically declare, "No, at that price I'll definitely not take snapdragons. I'm feeling Jewish today."

Obeying an impulse that was one of the strongest she could remember, Mrs. Dudley turned and stared at the woman. Their eyes met, and Mrs. Dudley's stare was returned in full measure. A silence had fallen over the shop, and Mr. Coccalis was looking unhappily from one of his customers to the other. "Well?" the imposing woman demanded. "Isn't that all right? That I should feel Jewish?"

Mrs. Dudley heard her own voice replying, "No. As you say it, it's not right at all. I'm Jewish, and I assure you that your words are offensive." She could hardly believe that she had said it, once it was out. She was not Jewish; the statement was completely false, and yet she had made it automatically, with no premeditated intention of lying, and it left her somewhat dazed.

"Well," retorted the woman, "I suppose that even these days I have the right to speak my mind, haven't I?"

Mrs. Dudley had turned back to the writing table. She left the retort unanswered and, collecting her thoughts with difficulty, resumed the writing of her card. Mr. Coccalis quickly began to make more suggestions about flowers. After a moment, the regal voice was raised again—not about flowers. "Tell me," it said, clearly directed toward the writing table. "I'm interested to know—are you *orthodox* Jewish?"

"No," Mrs. Dudley said, without turning. She said "No" simply because it came to her mind more quickly than "Yes"—possibly because of the two it was closer to the truth.

"Ah, my dear, that I am sorry to hear. I am a great admirer of those of you who are orthodox. When my father was alive, he had many business associates who were faithful members of synagogues. They used to come to our home frequently. Admirable men. Admirable."

"Did you find them all stingy with their money, as you indicated a few minutes ago?" Mrs. Dudley inquired. She was still facing the writing table.

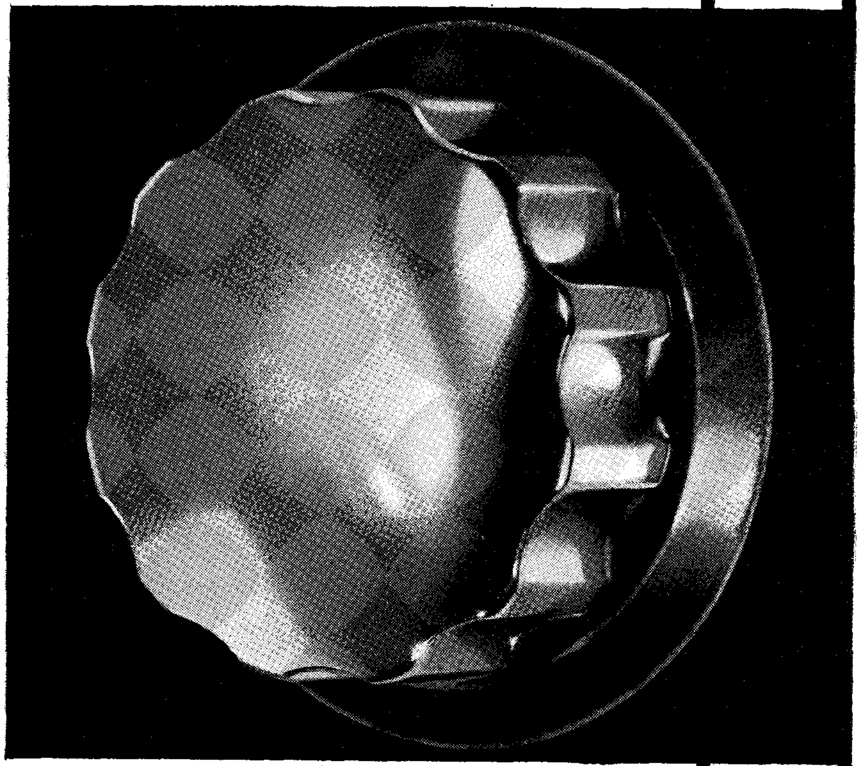
"Oh, no. Not at all. Not *them*. They were splendid. I myself was taken to synagogue several times and remember getting a great deal out of the picturesque service. My dear, I am sorry that you have left your church. You people are doing that more and more these days, and we don't quite like to see it."

As Mrs. Dudley winced at the condescension, she heard footsteps approaching and turned to see her adversary advancing across the shop with outstretched hand. "My dear," the woman said, "that was a nasty thing I said a few minutes ago. It was. I said it hastily, and I apologize. But, my dear, do go back to your church. We would like you so much better if you would."

Mike had come out from the alcove at the rear of the shop, where he'd been trimming roses, and was following the proceedings with the attention of someone watching an absorbing play. Mr. Coccalis smiled with relief as the two ladies shook hands. "This is Mrs. Dudley," he said, gracefully stepping into the play himself. "A very fine lady."

"I am sure of that," the queenly woman said, causing Mrs. Dudley to wince once more.

To Mrs. Dudley, Mr. Coccalis said—adding, she noticed, no complimentary descriptive tag—"This is Mrs. Brewster." The two ladies bowed. "All religions the same in my mind," said Mr.



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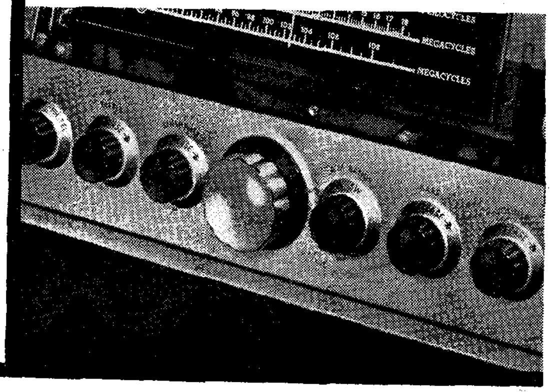

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MAGGI'S SEASONING

Coccalis. "I Greek Church—when I go."

"Greek Church—orthodox of the orthodox," said Mrs. Brewster, with sentiment. "I do so like to hear you say that, Mr. Coccalis. Tell me, dear Mrs. —why, *why* did you leave your synagogue?"

"I didn't say I had left my synagogue," Mrs. Dudley said, with dignity. "I said that I was not orthodox. As you must know," she went on, searching for such small knowledge of the matter as she possessed, "there is a difference between orthodox and reformed congregations."

Mrs. Brewster waved a jewelled and disapproving finger. "That is just my point. You should take pride in all those fine old traditions of yours, not be ashamed of them."

"Forgive me," asked Mrs. Dudley, "but are you a Roman Catholic?" When Mrs. Brewster shook her head, Mrs. Dudley plunged recklessly into theology. "Then you and I are precisely alike," she said. "We belong to denominations that broke away from the orthodox and instituted certain reforms. If you or your ancestors did that, why shouldn't other people?"

"Because, my dear, we like you people so very much better when you stay the other way and don't try to be—well . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, like us. We prefer . . ."

Determined to be provoked no further, Mrs. Dudley turned back to her card. "Don't misunderstand me," Mrs. Brewster continued. "I have always firmly believed—and I have argued this many times with my friends—that it was the Romans, not the Jews, who were responsible for what happened on Calvary. I am no fanatical Christian. My church would be scandalized, I suppose, but I have never been one to be convinced even of the divinity of Christ. He was a teacher."

"Christ a very good man," said Mr. Coccalis. "Everybody agreed about that, I think. Mrs. Brewster, I wrap up some nice yellow chrysanthemums for you?"

Mrs. Dudley had always liked Mr. Coccalis, but she had never liked him more than at that moment. Mrs. Brewster said yes, she'd take chrysanthemums, since there wasn't anything else she could afford, but she wouldn't wait for them; Mr. Coccalis was to charge them and send them around. Then Mrs. Dudley heard footsteps behind her again, and again interrupted her writing. "Let me repeat my apology,

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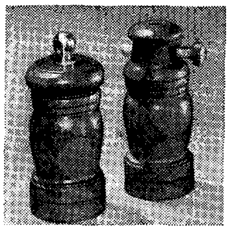

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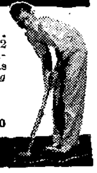

GOLF SECRETS

my dear," said Mrs. Brewster, holding out her hand once more. "I'm ashamed of having made that unpleasant remark, I really am. But do go back to your faith, I beg of you. Quite frankly, if you could hear some of the talk that I hear—simply casually, I mean, among my friends and acquaintances—you wouldn't doubt for a minute the advisability of—"

Mr. Coccalis had the door of the shop open and was bowing politely. "Good morning, Mrs. Brewster," he said. "Thank you very much. Yes, this afternoon without fail, Mrs. Brewster." Then the door was closed and the shop was quiet.

AFTER Mrs. Dudley had read over her card to be sure that it made sense and had put it into an envelope and addressed it, she turned to Mr. Coccalis. She caught him and Mike in the act of exchanging eloquent looks. Mr. Coccalis was shaking his head and inclining it in the direction of the shop door and the departed Mrs. Brewster. He saw that Mrs. Dudley was looking and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Dudley," as though she had just entered the shop. "How are you this morning?"

For a moment, Mrs. Dudley thought of telling him about her falsehood and trying to explain why she had uttered it, but she decided to accept the cue of a tactful man. "I'm very well, thank you, Mr. Coccalis," she said. "Would you be good enough to send this card and a box of snapdragons to a friend of mine in the Lenox Hill?"

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

Senator Austin, American delegate to the U.N., was also a guest. He is a handsome man who exudes good humor and good will. He whispered to me, "How is Hollywood getting along?" I answered, "Et tu, Brutus," meaning, "You go to the movies?" Senator Austin is very well liked and has done well.—*Elsa Maxwell in the Post.*

He did all right if he caught *that* one.

•

WHAT DOROTHY DIX D'YA READ?

Why, it is better even to have somebody to fight with than it is to be by yourself. That at least keeps you from being lonely. —*Dorothy Dix in the Milwaukee Sentinel, November 27, 1946.*

This arrangement will be for your mother-in-law's good as well as yours, for if you go to live with her you will be in a mother-in-law's good as well as yours, for if you go to live with her you will be in a perpetual fight, and that is a lot worse than being lonesome.—*Ibid., November 29, 1946.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 2 (BY WIRELESS)

FRANCE'S Christmas gift to herself was her Fourth Republic, generously presented a few hours before the dawn of December 25th. In making this gigantic nocturnal offering, the presiding chairman of the Council, as the Chamber is now called, said to the weary councillors, "I salute the birth of the Fourth Republic. My best wishes to it are that its new constitution, adopted by the people, may affirm our Republic and our democracy. Long live the Republic! Long live Liberty!" There was applause. The Fourth Republic, like the Third, is a result of a defeat by the Germans. (In 1870, a revolutionary Paris Commune was in the offing, a prophetic counterpart of the Communist Party that functions today in the Parliament in elected and orderly quasi-dominance.) France's newborn Third Republic was so rich that it immediately paid its war debt to the enemy Prussians and could have paid it twice; the Fourth Republic starts so poor that it has already borrowed from a friend. The Third Republic was founded on the curious notion that it would conveniently collapse as soon as the next Bourbon could be maneuvered up to the throne. The Fourth Republic has in part been set up to shut out General de Gaulle, the only massive figure still visible, though faintly, on the French landscape. As the newest European republic makes its difficult first motions of life in a France whose violent idealism created Europe's first modern republic, the belated suspicion is stirring among French citizens that maybe republics, though conceived strictly on paper, take after each other, in hereditary fashion, much as kings do, and that by some law of genetics the Fourth Republic, when it is a few years old, may begin looking and acting like its parent, the so-called Harridan Third Republic, which was no beauty.

EXIGEZ
la Marque
SUZE

In one way, certainly, the two republics will differ. The late No. 3 was so infested with political parties—anywhere from a half-dozen major groups to three dozen or more minor schismatic rivals—that government, enfevered by the multitudinous political bacilli, was constantly dropping weakly in its tracks. In No. 4, the parties are few and hardly count anyway. What does count is its two grim, directly opposite political directions, Left and Right, or Communist and M.R.P., with literally equal strength, so this time the government may not fall, simply because it may not even be able to get going. The Fourth Republic, by a triumph of balloting and the democratic process, can sit perfectly paralyzed by what temporary Premier Léon Blum has described as "those two great parties whose simultaneous presence in government is at once indispensable and impossible." A sardonic Deputy, discussing the semi-existence of the two minority parties, the Socialists and the Radicals, whose thin shadows of strength will be thrown, respectively, to the Left and the Right in efforts to create majorities, declared that in a full-length anatomical portrait of the new government the head and both arms would belong to the M.R.P., the neck, heart, lungs, and left foot forward would belong to the Communists, the Socialists would have the stomach and left leg, the minor Left Wingers would be punished by having the right leg, and the reactionary, pro-Church P.R.L. (*Parti Républicain de la Liberté*) and its hangers-on would have the right foot, including the Pope's great toe. The First Republic, with the great words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," produced a portrait of man's invisible regions. In the Fourth Republic, what the French have retained of this sacred trio is a too exact equality between Left and Right. Some impulse, whether shock, force, or weakness, will most probably cause France to move, eventually, in one direction or the other.

Right now, the French don't know whether they, Blum, and his new 1947 prices are standing on their heads or their heels. In a startling post-Christmas communiqué, he announced that every item under government control, except bread and milk, would be jumped in price from fifty to a hundred and fifty per cent—gas, electricity, stamps, phone calls, railway and Métro rides, or the whole network that everyone but the purest peasant uses to heat the soup, travel to work, and communicate with his neighbor. Simultaneously, the great General Labor Confederation declared that the *minimum vital* annual wage for a worker in 1947 should be 103,000 francs (members of the French Parliament get no more than 490,000 francs, and they get that much only because of a boost they have just voted themselves) and that the "limit of proletarian sac-

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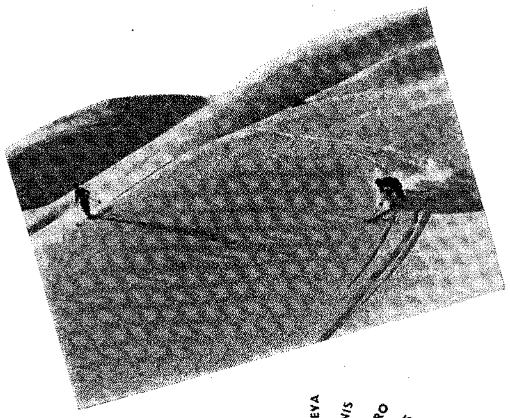

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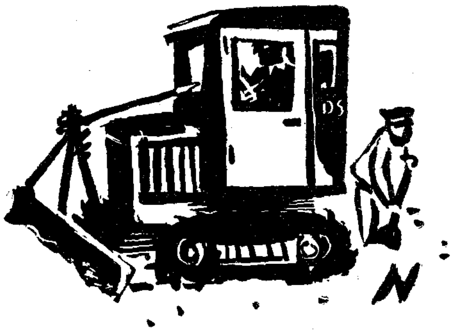
rifice" was 84,000 francs, which would call for an average thirty-per-cent wage raise. Then, on New Year's Eve, Blum, in a fireside chat, generously announced, on top of his gigantic price boosts, a five-per-cent price cut on food, clothing, and, among odder items, movies and fees to dentists, lawyers, and midwives. Even more oddly, he stated that the great confederations of labor, of employees, and of farmers were all behind him. On the air again New Year's night, he proved it, announcing that labor had dropped its *minimum vital* and even its sacrifice-wage ceiling; that the employers had accepted a sixteen-per-cent cut in steel prices; that, though the forty-hour working week would remain legal, forty-eight hours (with fifty hours' pay) would now be normal; and that his whole boost-and-cut price scheme was a "psychological shock" to scare the trousers off the black market, which is certainly in part the farmers. What his scheme also means is that for the *n*th time since France's twenty-cent franc started, during the first World War, its descent in value and rise in volume, French experts have been trying to work up with pencil and paper a financial salvation that can probably be achieved only by physical self-sacrifice. That is an art which, among all nations today, the British alone seem capable of practicing—grimly, proudly, nervily, thin in the knowledge that each meagre, tasteless meal helps, by maintaining the proper ratio of export and import, to keep their precious pound sterling high. The sole other postwar anti-inflation plan successful in western Europe goes in the opposite direction—that of self-pampering, practiced in Belgium, whose rich Congo-colony produce, diverted to the Allies during the war, enabled Belgium to build up a large amount of foreign exchange, which in turn has permitted her to overwhelm her black market with a costly, imported overabundance of everything that postwar man desires—a plan that has made the Belgian franc sturdier than the English pound. France has no wealthy colony like the Congo. And she hasn't the British tradition of duty, or of bad food.

THE Paris theatre scene has been enlivened by the non-commonplace—not necessarily successful as entertainment but distinguished because it comes from important pens. One item is André Gide's translation of "Hamlet," playing to dutiful, admiring crowds at the Théâtre Marigny. Because Gide now ranks as a demigod, no one has had the pluck to say that his translation of the poetic masterpiece not only lacks wings but is downright flat-footed modern prose. For "Get thee to a nunnery," Gide substitutes what sounds like an address tossed to a taxidriver—"*Au couvent.*" For the tragedy's great epitaph line, "Good night, sweet prince," he offers merely "*Bon nuit, gentil prince.*" (According to Cassell's bilingual dictionary, "*un gentil enfant*" means "a nice, amiable child.") Since, because Gide's name is attached to it, the play's the thing at the Marigny, little attention has been paid to the production, which is one of those athletic, hearty, hasty "Hamlets," with everyone but the ghost going on- and offstage on the run. Jean-Louis Barrault, as the nice, amiable prince, is remarkable in the death scene, to which he gives an oddly cinematographic effectiveness.

Another special item has been the Théâtre Antoine's program of two lengthy playlets by the Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre. Both deal with torture, the first in France and the second in our Deep South. The opening piece, "Les Morts sans Sépulture" ("The Unburied Dead"), shows two sides of the French Resistance: first, the patriots' side, through a group of captives in jail, including the inevitable pretty girl, and a philosophic analysis of their arrogant human pride in enduring agony without screaming, let alone squealing on comrades still at liberty; second, the captors' side, in the room next door, where Vichy Frenchmen do the torturing right in front of the audience's startled eyes. In the Vichy group is another inevitable character, the neat, blond sadist who loves his work and the music of "Tosca." He sees to it that the patriots, after they have argued themselves into being spared, are shot anyway. This sort of masochistic entertainment, once idly popular at the Grand Guignol, has now been reclassified as part of recent French history. Sartre's second playlet, "La Putain Respectueuse" ("The Respectful Whore"), must be the world's only funny play about a Deep South lynching of a Negro. It is a brilliant, disturbing mixture of melodrama, farce, and deadpan reporting on the Bilbo mentality. The trollop of the title, who at first tries to save the Negro, falsely accused of having accosted her, furnishes the only truthful, and thus the only moral, element, which is finally nullified because of her eager, noisy desire to be recognized socially by the family of the local senator—the uncle of the leading lyncher—at whose request she finally bears false witness against the Negro. This unhappy victim is played, with poetic postures of fright surely never seen in our Cotton Belt, by Habib Benglia, an ebony mime formerly famous at the Folies-Bergère. In addition to the extraordinarily lifelike, funny, kind, ebullient, coarse-mouthed, rattlebrained figure of the whore, there are characterizations of American male prudery, false patriotism, hypocrisy, sentimentality, and what looks to foreign eyes like all-around national infantilism. These are the spicy, comical ingredients in Sartre's deadly skit, the main weakness of which is that it wavers between being a real satire on the Southern U.S.A. and a sort of shapeless exaggeration of it. As a consequence, the play has an amateur quality. This quality may also be due to Sartre's having met so few authentic Southern-gentleman lynchers on his recent American lecture tour.

CONTEMPORARY French literature, so called, is in a queer way. Because the public, when it had nothing else safe to do under the German Occupation, formed the habit of doing more reading, dozens of fly-by-night editors have arisen since the peace, to take care of the continuing inflated demand for print, which some have satisfied by printing anything that has a beginning and an end, whether or not it has an important middle. If the public has suffered, authors, along with the publishers, have profited. Never before in the history of French writing have editions of books run to such figures or authors had such royalties. Before the war, a novelist who sold five thousand copies was an ace, and champions like Céline and Montherlant reached only forty thousand. Today, Arthur Koestler's "Zéro à l'Infini" ("Darkness at Noon") has achieved two hundred thousand copies. The American Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," soon to be brought before the law on the ground that it is indecent, and the Italian Curzio Malaparte's unpleasant "Kaputt" have also attained surprising heights. "Monsieur Ouine," by Georges Bernanos, not



Oregon

As every schoolboy knows, Paul Bunyan was the discoverer of logging, and his blue ox, Babe, measured 42 axe handles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns.

Paul had a way of changing the scenery wherever he went—adding a mountain here, carving out a bay there, etc. But when he came to Oregon, he couldn't see a thing to change, it was so perfect.

Oh, he did a few little things, of course. Built a whale corral on the coast (it's called Coos Bay now). And Babe, the blue ox, got the blind staggers one night and laid out the course of the Snake River. But by and large Oregon's landscape is pretty much as the great logger found it, and trees are still the biggest crop. However, don't get the idea that all you'll see in Oregon is trees.

There are huge mountains shaped like ice cream cones. There are big, stately rivers—the Columbia and Willamette—and dozens of smaller ones. (Two of these, the Rogue and McKenzie, are world-famous fishing streams.) There are many lakes, including Crater Lake—so big and blue you won't believe it. There are miles of wide, clean beaches edged with driftwood. Along the Columbia River Highway are all the waterfalls you'd ever want to see. And if you like dams, there's Bonneville, near Portland.

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The little map shows where we go ☞

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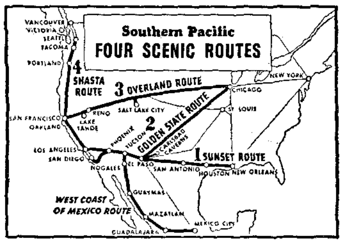

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always an easy fellow to read, has sold forty thousand, and the colorless General Henri Giraud's "Mes Evasions" has sold only a thousand less. The annual Goncourt, Renaudot, and Fémina prize volumes have automatically unearthed—merely because they were prized, not necessarily because they were any good—a large new public, similar to our book-club masses. The royalties from Elsa Triolet's Goncourt winner, "Le Premier Accroc Coûte Deux Cents Francs," inferior to her earlier, unrewarded novella, "Milles Regrets," one of the few chefs-d'œuvre of the decade, mounted to a million and a half. The latest book to look as if it will turn into a big best-seller is the unknown Celia Bertin's "La Parade des Impies" ("The Parade of the Impious"), a Lesbian novel. It is slow going at first, and it is never lush or lurid; rather, it is an objective study, in sedate, English-novel style, of peculiar and unhappy relations. The author is Parisian, is twenty-five, and wrote her opus in the Jura, while a member of the Editions de Minuit patriots and an officer on the Etat-Major of the F.F.I.

FRANCE's second New Year of the peace opens with an Eastern war. The new Republic's preamble to its constitution states that it will "undertake no war with a view to conquest and will never employ force against the liberty of any people." That is precisely what it appears to be doing in Indo-China. —GENÊT

•

THE POOR LOVER'S SONG

The single shoulder is too thin
  To bear the roof against the rout.
The winter blast will enter in—
  Come live with me and keep it out.

Two hands are not enough to ward
  The fingers from the mortared flaw.
They crush the brick to dust and shard
  And twist the iron nail like straw.

While chimney stays and rooftree lasts,
  And tile and stud and rafter,
Come live with me beneath the blasts
  And toil forever after.

—LOUIS KENT

•

Even without his beautifully tailored clothes he was the sort of man people looked at twice, especially women.—*From "The Lady Is Afraid," by George Harmon Coxe.*

Eyes front, please, girls.

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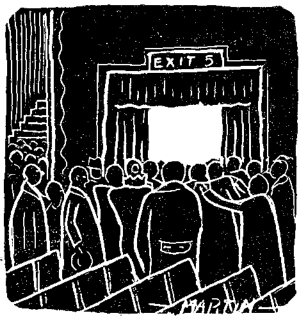

PARADISE, as represented in the early scenes of "Stairway to Heaven," an elaborate British fantasy in Technicolor, looks as chilly as Little America, and the angels drifting about in it strongly resemble the late Aimee Semple McPherson in one of her more dedicated moments. It is a relief when the film makes its way down to earth to take up the problem of an English aviator who finds himself miraculously alive after his flaming plane has crashed, because a heavenly courier couldn't find him in a thick Channel fog. This particular theme has much in common with the spooky goings on in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," that excellent Hollywood creation of a few years ago that seems to have set the pattern for quite a number of excursions into the beyond. But "Stairway to Heaven" refuses to be brisk about its story, and when the aviator meets an American girl there's a great deal of tedious palaver, both in Heaven and on earth, about whether true love is a sufficient excuse for letting a man go on living after his time has come. The discussion presently winds up with a trial in Heaven, in which romance, Anglo-American relations, and the wonders of the British Empire furnish the substance for endless discourse. The trial is conducted in a sort of celestial Hollywood Bowl before a bewigged judge who could easily be mistaken for a French poodle, and it results in an all-encompassing decision for love and hands across the sea.

It is too bad that "Stairway to Heaven" tries so hard to be a four-alarm spectacle, since it is at its best when it is at its simplest. David Niven and Kim Hunter make the aviator and his beloved an ingratiating couple, and Roger Livesey does a convincing job as a neurologist determined to save Mr. Niven from his fate. In contrast to them and most of the rest of the cast, Raymond Massey, playing an American witness at the heavenly trial, is thoroughly embarrassing as he noisily parodies a Massachusetts patriot.

IN the midst of "Queen for a Night," a bevy of amply proportioned Swedish ladies, done up in diaphanous nighties, start leaping about like Bryn Mawr girls gone berserk at a Maypole festival. I very much doubt if the ladies were quite aware of the droller aspects of their exercises when they went through them, or if, for that matter, any of the actors in this Swedish musical comedy realized that their eighteenth-century costume drama was going to develop into a burlesque. For all its unintentionally comic moments, "Queen for a Night" may make too heavy a demand on your patience to warrant your witnessing it in its entirety.

THE Warner Brothers have put everything, from acrobats to Jack Carson, in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," but it nevertheless remains a tired business—one of those formula musicals about a song-and-dance man and an opera singer who take such a long time getting together. Once in a while, Mr. Carson manages to raise a laugh with his comedy, but nothing like this film will ever permit him to demonstrate just how funny he really can be.

EVEN though it concerns itself with a descendant of Edmond Dantès rather than with the durable old-timer himself, "The Return of Monte Cristo" is cluttered up with the same sort of preposterous melodrama that distinguished most of the films involving the Count. Maybe it's about time to give the Count and his family a rest, at least until a generation that hasn't been so frequently exposed to accounts of the Cristos' worries and woes comes along.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

The various bureaus and divisions of the State Health Department recently received copies of the new issue of the Montgomery Telephone Directory. The new book differs very little from its immediate predecessor.—*Alabama Public Health News Bulletin.*

Ah, the sleepy old South!

•

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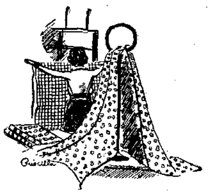
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

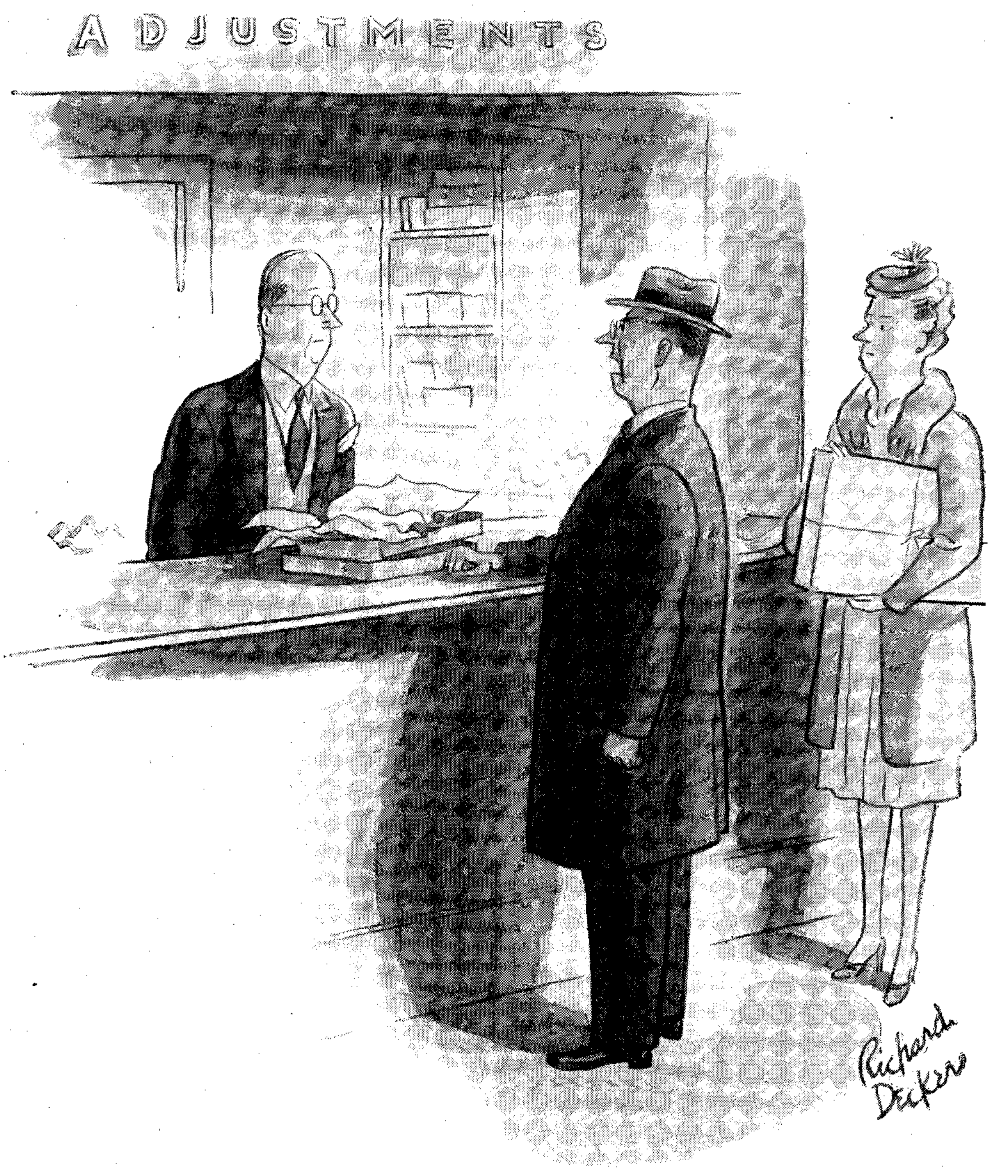
FEMININE FASHIONS



THE shops are again behaving as if New York will be utterly deserted by February because all the inhabitants will have departed for the semitropics to become lotus eaters. The shops aren't entirely right about that, however, for there'll always be that meagre few of us who have nasty obligations or who just *like* winter in New York. But whether you're a lotus eater or a snowbird at heart, now is the best time to sweeten next summer's wardrobe; inevitably, when May rolls around, you won't be able to buy anything seasonable except matter-of-fact staples like shorts, halters, variations of tailored dresses, and skirts gathered on a band.

At this time of year, the supply of really imaginative warm-weather clothes is tremendous. Take the case of Lord & Taylor. It is evident that all those years in uniform did nothing to quench the spirit of their Mr. Brigance. One group of his resort clothes is made of a rayon fabric that has the sturdy, smooth look of alpaca and comes in conservative white and navy. To begin with, there is a sleeveless, one-piece dress that is molded to the body as far as the waistline and has high revers spreading out over the tips of the shoulders; $45. Simple but (to borrow a phrase from the perfume people) "oddly provocative." Then there are blouses, cut like the top of this dress, to be worn with knee-length straight shorts or with skirts that have stitched-down pleats and a broad leather belt. (A Brigance navy blouse and white skirt will forever confound anyone who thinks this color combination banal.) Another assortment of this designer's clothes appears in some wonderful plaid cottons of a distinctly Jamaican aspect, in rich, deep color combinations that I hadn't seen for years—such as a mixture of olive green, chartreuse, and grape purple. There are bathing suits, a vast variety of shorts, and sun dresses. The halter-type bathing suits are so designed that the straps look graceful even when you wear them under your arms and tied at the back, for sun bathing. In the one-piece, dressmaker variety of bathing suits, the skirts are draped up on one hip, in very high style. An average price for a Brigance bathing suit is $22.95. The sun dresses, too, are full of tricks; a strapless, tubular affair, for instance, has a bolero that is to be worn *under* it. Another dress, with a halter neck, is accompanied by a very wide scarf, with armholes, that covers your shoulders and ties under the bosom.

ALTMAN has nothing at all Jamaican in mind; currently, it is mad about Portuguese-fishing-village cotton stripes and plaids for resort clothes. Women who like to be colorful, exotic, and damned comfortable in warm weather will admire the uses to which these fabrics have been put. A vivid green-and-pink plaid shirt with long, loose sleeves is worn outside ankle-length slacks (in a larger plaid) that have elastic at the bottoms so you can push them up like bloomers. A pink cotton sash can be used as a belt for the jacket or around the top of the slacks; $35 takes all. There are numbers of unconventional play suits in the plaids, too; a one-piece job has a green shirtwaist top and knee-length shorts in a green, maroon, and yellow plaid. A sash of the plaid goes with it. Another has a low-necked, sleeveless top in yellow, plus attached shorts and a separate dirndl skirt in a yellow, green, brown, and blue plaid. Both ensembles are $19.95. One-piece play dresses in violent plaids have a strip of the material draped across the bosom and tying at the back in a bow; $14.95. Stripes and plaids are combined with abandon; striped box jackets with turnover collars and loose sleeves accom-



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pany plaid shorts that can be shoved up to look like rompers.

Altman also has a fine assortment of hard-to-find wool suits for real swimmers. I am dubious about strapless jobs for actual swimming, but the shop swears on the head of Eleanor Holm that the wired-bra top of its wool-jersey honey will not slip. Another suit, in a waffle weave, has a halter top, a bare-midriff back, and no attempt at a skirt. There are also ribbed-wool skirted affairs. Still another suit has widish shoulder straps and a skirt, but only across the front. Prices in this collection start at $10.95.

BERGDORF GOODMAN have one of the loveliest two-piece resort dresses in town. It's made of emerald or bamboo silk shantung; its jacket top is long and plain in back and, in front, has folds that look like shutters slanting gently up from the hips. It's equipped with wide, short, kimono sleeves (they occur frequently here and look handsome as well as comfortable). The dress costs $90. The silk prints at B.G. are completely beautiful. One day dress has white elephants on tan checks on a violet ground (I meant to say that the elephants are *inside* the checks), with short, loose sleeves and a fold in front. Another, printed with tiny Buddhas, has draped pannier pockets. A short dinner dress, mid-calf length, has a skirt draped up to one hip and a fichu across both arms that can be adjusted to give you the exact amount of exposure to the sun you want; it's $125, in several patterns, among them one of field flowers. And the shop has full-length, summery dinner dresses—slim, gracious things, such as (a) a gray rayon crêpe affair with a peplum (which splits in front and dips low in back) and a fichu off the shoulders, and (b) a white rayon crêpe with long, loose dolman sleeves and gold braid across the bateau neck.

AT Bonwit Teller, you'll find an Alice-in-Wonderland sort of day dress in white waffle piqué, covered with red and navy *square* polka dots. It has an oval neck, no sleeves, and an enormous skirt with a sewed-down apron. Bonwit also has a close approach to a masterpiece in Irish linen—a two-piece, go-anywhere-anytime cream or gray dress with a fitted top, a round, collarless neck, short sleeves, shell-shaped buttons, and a fit so trim that you don't really need the narrow belt that comes with it; $49.95. A particularly good machine-knit cardigan jacket, in sizes from 12 to 40, in navy, royal, white, gray, or red, with wide ribbing used for the yoke, waistband, and pockets, is $29.95. Finally, there's a halter-top bathing suit in a white cotton that looks like coarse linen, with a blocked pattern in tan and a black border. With it goes a thirty-six-inch scarf to match. The works is $22.95.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE presents, among other things, a one-piece black, white, or royal-blue ciré rayon jersey bathing suit with draped and shirred pants and an open triangle at the diaphragm; $25. Striking one-piece bathing suits of multi-striped Guatemalan cottons, at $17.95, have elasticized shirring down the sides; two-piece jobs, at $14.95, have bra tops and elasticized shorts. A matching two-piece, street-length play dress has a sun back and a high V neck in front, cap sleeves, and a bare midriff; $29.95. Saks also offers good wool gabardine suits in black, navy, brown, or pastels. There are box jackets with turnover collars, full-cuffed sleeves, and patch pockets, and skirts hung from wide, stitched waistbands; $45. These same waistbands appear on short shorts, long shorts, and slacks, all of gabardine. And there is an unusually attractive long-sleeved blouse with a convertible neck to accompany any of the gabardines. It's of white rayon crêpe, printed with pastel flowers to harmonize with the gabardine colors; $11.95. For tennis, the shop's best notion is a sleeveless dress of white rayon sharkskin with a divided skirt. Tennis players (I am not one) are notorious fussbudgets, and I can't predict how they would like it. Saks, presumably quite unprejudiced, says they would love the thing. It's $16.95.

AT De Pinna, you'll see a good collection of printed-silk afternoon dresses, for from $35.95 to $89.95. Paisley prints, predominantly red and green, make dresses with cap sleeves and drapery down the front that turns under, harem fashion, at the center of the hemline. Dresses of black, green, yellow, and white leaf prints have a soft bow at one side of the square, draped neck and unpressed pleats down the center. Small blue flowers with green leaves on a white ground decorate a dress with a wide V neck and a skirt that is circular in front and straight in back. Other dresses, with white, square-leafed flowers on a navy ground, may have a surplice bodice and a peplum descending low on one side and caught up with a big bow at the other hip.

ONE of my favorites at Best is a wonderful yellow, pink, turquoise, or *white linen all-purpose, double*-breasted dress with a round turnover collar, short sleeves, and a fullish gored skirt; $39.95. Another has flap pockets on the chest and skirt and a kick pleat; $45. And for tailored dresses of *grand luxe*, you might look at a French linen-and-cotton number which has gold plastic buttons and a gold kid belt; $55. Another prize is made of thin navy, beige, or pastel wool. It has a princesse cut, a turnover collar, short sleeves, and small buttons part way down the front. The same fabric is used for a collarless dress with an attached hood. Both these dresses are $45.

As for play suits, a pink, blue, gray, or natural rayon linen princesse dress has a separate wrap-around skirt with embroidered scallops of contrasting colors at the hemline; $25. A play suit of cotton decorated with daisies and other colorful conceits has a bare-midriff front, plus a short-sleeved surplice blouse and a dirndl skirt; $25. Pretty prints also appear in bathing suits of rayon jersey, with morning glories and roses and daisies and flower names in black script running all over them. A two-piece bathing suit of this stuff has a halter-bra top and shorts; with it goes a black rayon jersey short-sleeved jacket that has printed revers. The whole thing is $19.95.

PECK & PECK have a particularly nice two-piece play outfit that is made of, say, rose, gray, and white striped cotton. The reversible halter bra has narrow stripes on one side and wide ones on the other, and the shorts have just narrow stripes; $10.95. A matching tailored dress that buttons down the front has the narrow stripes in the body of the dress and the wide ones on the cap sleeves and side inserts; $19.95. Another dress, for town and country, has a fly front, a U neck, and cap sleeves. It's of solid-color rayon with a map of Nantucket in white all over it. There are variously colored sashes to contrast with the background—in Kelly green for the caramel one, in chartreuse for the black one, and so on. Again, $19.95 is the total price. —L. L.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Times*]

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DOES NOT END THE GI

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by DANNY KAYE

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Danny Kaye

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BUY YOUR BONDS
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

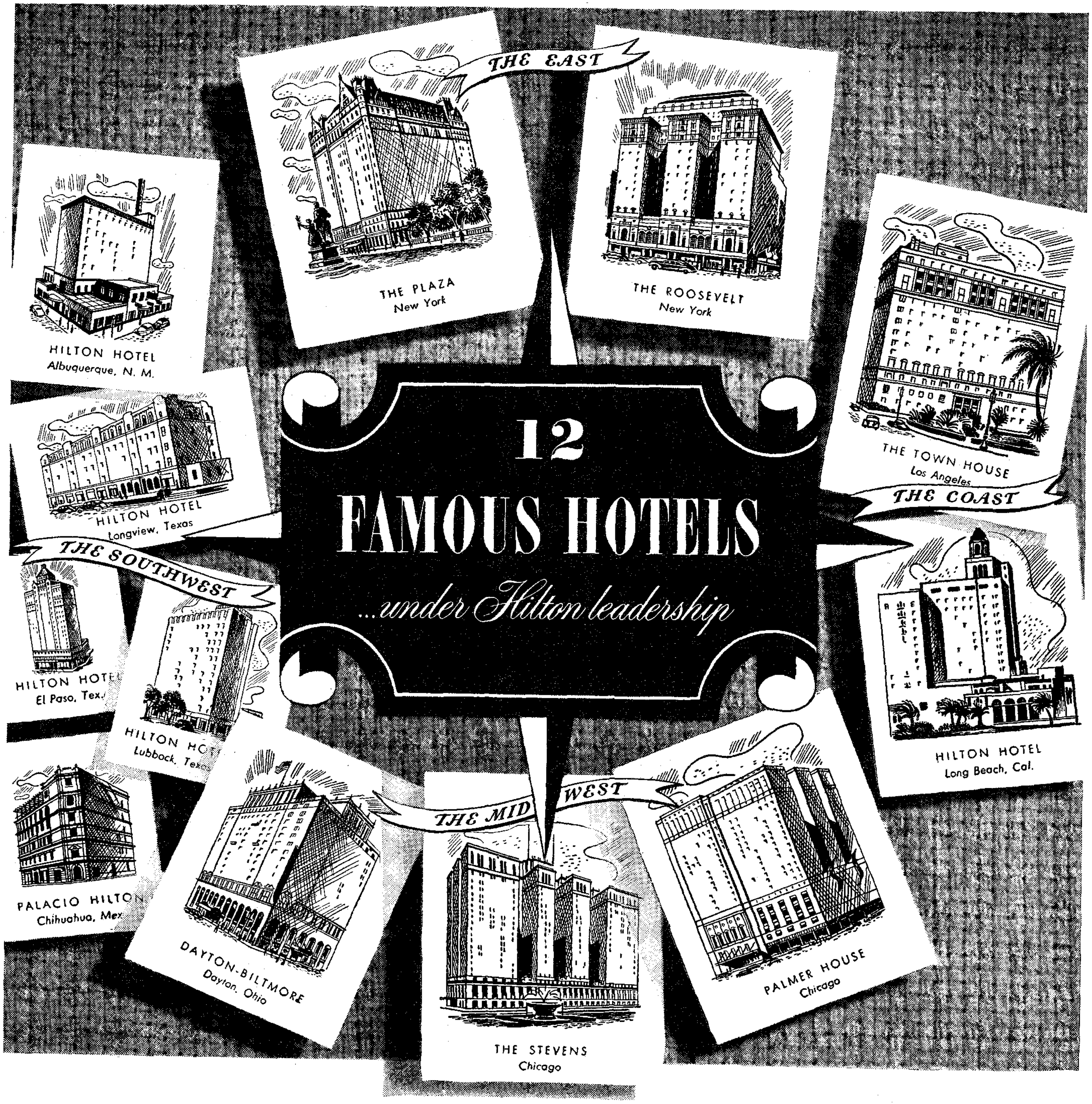
JANUARY 2, 1947

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

A FEW weeks ago, Mr. Robert Lewis Taylor stated, in your columns, that the United States Navy Department was "perhaps the best place in the world to study the administrative workings of a great military organization." What had particularly endeared the Navy to him, he noted in reminiscing about his career as an officer in it, was its unbending reverence for protocol, discipline, impracticality, and all-around administrative foolishness. He referred to the Army as "a rather loose-jointed and run-down crowd, with a slack attitude toward protocol and a vulgar regard for practicality . . . listless about saluting." As a partisan alumnus of the Army of the United States, I cannot conscientiously let Mr. Taylor's claim of Navy superiority in these matters go unprotested. As to my qualifications for arguing that the Army, administratively speaking, could be just as impractical as the Navy, I submit the *following: After a year and a half of* enlisted service, during which novitiate I never had a day's instruction in administrative procedure, I was summarily designated a warrant officer junior grade (administrative, clerical, general). It is traditionally believed in Army circles that all warrant officers, even those not specifically labelled administrative, are experts on paperwork who can quote at length from, and render impressive interpretations of, all Army Regulations, War Department circulars, Articles of War, training manuals, and other military printed matter. Accordingly, I was afraid, on becoming an administrative warrant officer, that I might be called upon to perform some emergency clerical mission and be found spectacularly wanting. However—and *surely Mr. Taylor cannot minimize* the weight of this evidence—although I remained a warrant officer for more than two and a half years and eventually was even promoted to the rank of *chief* warrant officer (still administrative, clerical, general), not once was I requested to do anything more administrative or clerical than make out my own pay voucher. I never did find out what the "general" stood for.

Mr. Taylor based his entertaining observations on his wartime experiences in Washington, a nerve-racking place he described as a citadel of red tape. It was, though I have heard some old Army hands declare that Army red tape can be equally formidable in Paris, Algiers, or New Delhi. I, too, was stationed for part of the war in Washington, and am therefore prepared to comment on several of the points Mr. Taylor made. Listless about saluting, were we? Did Mr. Taylor never have occasion to pay a call at the Army War College, on the spacious grounds of which were situated the headquarters of Army Ground Forces, to which I was assigned? The building that housed the main administrative offices of A.G.F. was at the far end of the post, some three-quarters of a mile from the main gate, and many of us who travelled to work by streetcar had to walk this distance twice a day. We were required to exchange salutes with all appropriate parties, including Navy officers, whom *we met along the way. Just* before eight in the morning and just after five in the evening, there would be a dense stream of preponderantly one-way, pedestrian military traffic heading, respectively, from the gate and to it. One evening, at five after five, an elderly, heavily beribboned major general, newly arrived from overseas and evidently unfamiliar with our schedule, strolled jauntily through the main gate and made for the headquarters building. He ran smack into the procession of homebound soldiers. The unfortunate general had to salute non-stop every inch of that three-quarters of a mile, and it was subsequently rumored that by the time he reached headquarters he had resolved to ask to be sent back where he had come from.

MR. TAYLOR wrote with relish of the magnificent expansion in size, if not in accomplishment, of the Navy office to which he was assigned. Fiddlesticks! The Army unit to which I was assigned started off with a handful of personnel in one and a half rooms in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Kenneth Arnold, Gen. Mgr.

Washington. As its accomplishments grew less and less extensive—or so it sometimes seemed to me—it expanded heroically, until it occupied a whole building in Washington and had set up liaison offices in New York and San Francisco. I was transferred to the New York office, which was at 90 Church Street, in a building under Navy jurisdiction. There, I ruefully concede to Mr. Taylor, the Navy had us. The guards in the street-floor lobby, who were Marines, made no attempt to disguise their low opinion of us, and as we slunk in and out of the building, we felt almost like trespassers. Whenever an Army colonel entered the place, he received, at best, a casual salute from the guards. When a Navy captain, whose rank was on a par with the colonel's, appeared, the sentinels sprang to such stiff-jointed attention and then pulled restraining ropes aside for him with such alacrity that a passer-by could easily have thought that he was watching the King of England being piped aboard a flagship of the Royal Navy. And whenever an admiral turned up on the premises, which was quite often, he was accorded exclusive use of one of our heavily patronized elevators. The admiral would ride upstairs in isolated grandeur, accompanied only by one of the Marine guards, whose function it was to step out of the elevator ahead of him and loudly announce the officer's arrival.

At 90 Church Street, moreover, the Army every now and then showed signs of practicality that I now find it embarrassing to recall. There were several Army public-relations offices in the building, in adjoining rooms but responsible to different military commands. In line with Army procedure, they should have had as little to do with each other as possible. It didn't always work out that way, though, because they all had civilian employees who had been inadequately indoctrinated in Army policy. Once, when a colonel who had a mimeograph machine declined, in line with tradition, to let the staff of another colonel, who did not have a mimeograph machine, use his machine, a secretary in the first colonel's office decided, in most irregular manner, to permit a secretary in the other office to run off stencils surreptitiously on the machine. I am sure that the Navy could have found a way of preventing any such lapses.

MR. TAYLOR pondered with admiring wonder the intra-Navy struggles between the proponents of the battleship and the proponents of the airplane. The battlewagon men, earnest as they may have been in their efforts to perpetuate an honorable, old-fashioned instrument of war, couldn't compare to what we had in the Army. We had the cavalry. My wartime acquaintance with the cavalry was brief but illuminating. Both infantry and cavalry were part, of course, of the Army Ground Forces. The section of A.G.F. to which I belonged had as its principal function the stimulation of the public's appreciation of the combat exploits of the infantry. One languid day, somebody at A.G.F. headquarters got the notion that our section should do something to give the poor old cavalry a break, too. I was soon afterward sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, seat of The Cavalry School, to look into the situation. My orders probably read that I was on an emergency war mission; my oral instructions were merely to check up on the cavalry and report back. I knew that there were two kinds of cavalry—horse and mechanized. (I hadn't yet heard about the third kind—the "calvary," a term all cavalrymen use to describe both other kinds.) Every division in the Ground Forces had a cavalry troop in it, and in addition there were several independent cavalry squadrons and regiments, but all these units were mechanized. At Fort Riley, I found myself in the last stronghold of the horse cavalry. The place was covered with stables, indoor polo fields, outdoor jumping fields, and I don't know what else, and I was almost the only soldier there who was not wearing boots. I was turned over to a shinily booted public-relations officer, who introduced me around. Since I was a representative of a higher headquarters and thus, for all the cavalrymen knew, had access to military men of influence, a number of the officers received me with a respect totally disproportionate to my rank and begged me to put in a good word for their cause on my return to Washington. Certainly, I said, and exactly what, please, was I to put in a good word for? "Why, the horse calvary, sir," they said. It was their unwavering opinion that the immediate employment in battle of units of horse calvary on a large scale would quickly win the war, and that it was time Washington was aware of this obvious answer to the Army's problems. I promised to convey this message to the proper authorities.

The public-relations man later asked me if I would mind putting off further inspection of the place long enough to watch him play a few chukkers of polo. We spent the remainder of that afternoon at an indoor polo field. I asked him if the sport hadn't been hampered by the war. We-ell, he said, polo had been officially outlawed after Pearl Harbor, but you couldn't expect any reasonable man to sit by and watch his ponies go to the dogs, now, could you? The polo-playing officers at Fort Riley had devised a rather neat solution to their dilemma. Whenever they planned to play, somebody would notify the Commandant of the School, an old horse-cavalryman himself. The Commandant, as he travelled around the post, would be careful to avoid those areas in which games were being played. Thus, if the question should ever come up, he had never seen any violations of the anti-polo rule. The day after the polo match I attended, my guide somewhat resignedly took me out into the country to observe some mechanized-cavalry maneuvers, but his heart obviously wasn't in this part of his work.

Upon getting back to Washington, I turned in a long report saying that I had been unable to figure out quite what my section could do to help out the cavalry. That was the last I heard of the business. My report was no doubt filed away in quadruplicate somewhere, along with millions of other carefully indented paragraphs of similar worth. I am willing to bet Mr. Taylor a ream of carbon paper that the Army's files, as of this moment, contain more quadruplicates, per man jack of us, than the Navy's.

Sincerely yours,
EX-CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER (ADMINISTRATIVE, CLERICAL, GENERAL) E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Paint was used two hundred years ago by the Cro-magnons in decorating the caves of Southern Europe.—*Detroit News.*

Probably looked well with the Louis Quinze furniture.

•

Two of the bridegrooms wore powder blue ostrich feathers in their hair, and carried bouquets of matching giant pansies, and the other two wore deep purple feathers and carried matching pansies.—*White Plains Reporter-Dispatch.*

What a brawl!

•

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[*From the label on a jar of ripe olives packed in Los Angeles*]

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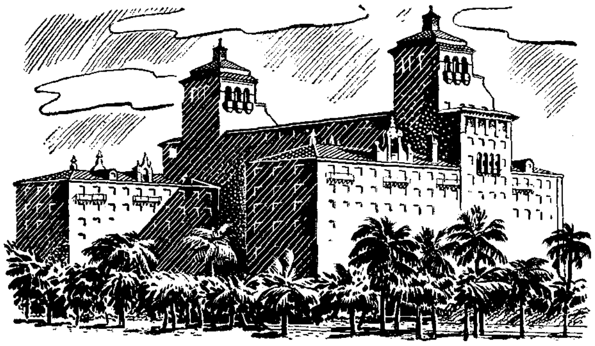

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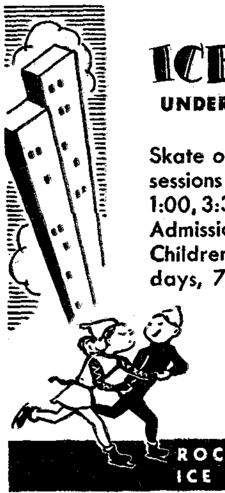

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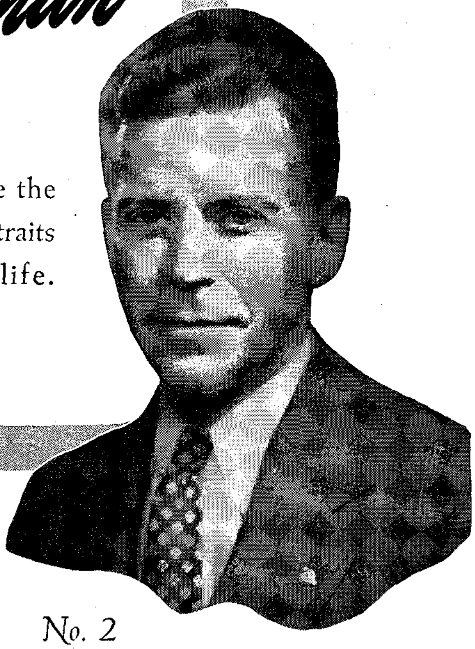
when he should sit before the Bachrach camera . . . for portraits that tell the story of his life.



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No. 2

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OF ALL THINGS

WASHINGTON commentators say that the new Congress is made up of a Dewey House and a Taft Senate. To complicate matters still further, we have a Truman White House and a Roosevelt Supreme Court.

•

The Republicans started the new year by doctoring a line of Tennyson's. The G.O.P. slogan is "Ring out the New Deal, ring in the old."

•

It seems that the President's proclamation ending hostilities does not mean that peace has been declared. The war is still going on and so is the duration.

•

In New York, it is generally agreed that the first year of the O'Dwyer administration was quite a success. At any rate, he is the first Mayor who ever made the city the capital of the world.

•

The British Cabinet denies that it is putting in any thought on the engagement of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip of Greece. With all it has on its mind, the government has no time for love stories.

•

Observers note a recent decline in prices, particularly among luxury items. In some pitiful cases, articles are said to be selling for little more than they are worth.

•

Massachusetts now has a Governor Bradford for the first time since the days when it was the Plymouth Colony. It took the Commonwealth nine generations to get from Bradford to Bradford.

•

Senator Elmer Thomas claims that all immigration should be stopped at once because we already have too many people here. According to the Oklahoma statesman, the worst thing a country can have is inhabitants.

•

In his inaugural address, Thomas E. Dewey devoted more space to national affairs than to state problems. A man can be Governor of New York and yet try to keep his mind on higher things.

•

The Greek government has granted a five-thousand-per-cent rise in rents. That is the sort of news that might start any landlord seeing visions and dreaming dreams. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the DRY beer!"
says MICHAELE FALLON,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1947

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

It's beer as beer should taste!

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Lager Beer

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DRY tells you WHY!

WHY IS RHEINGOLD the most wanted beer in New York?

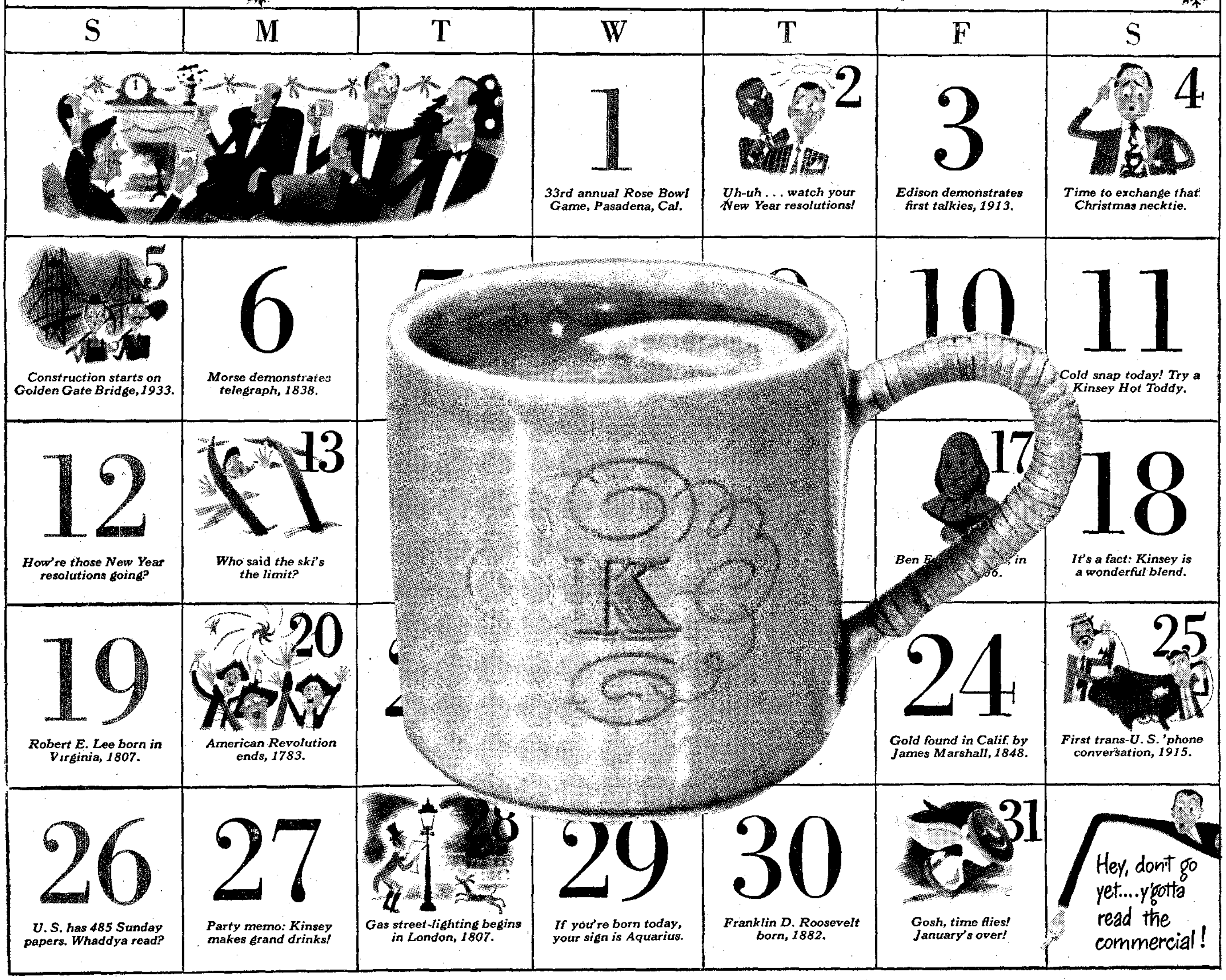
Because no other beer – domestic or imported – has the same wonderful *dry* flavor—a flavor so refreshing, so crisp, so distinctive you just don't know how good beer can be till you try Rheingold!

We invite you – in fact, *urge* you – to compare Rheingold Extra Dry with any other beer. Compare its pale, crystal color – its bouquet – and, above all, its flavor.

Do this – and we know you'll agree with the millions who insist, *"My beer is Rheingold – the* DRY *beer!"*

Copr. 1947, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

KINSEY'S JANUARY CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 33rd annual Rose Bowl Game, Pasadena, Cal.	2 Uh-uh . . . watch your New Year resolutions!	3 Edison demonstrates first talkies, 1913.	4 Time to exchange that Christmas necktie.
5 Construction starts on Golden Gate Bridge, 1933.	6 Morse demonstrates telegraph, 1838.				10	11 Cold snap today! Try a Kinsey Hot Toddy.
12 How're those New Year resolutions going?	13 Who said the ski's the limit?				17 Ben [illegible], in [illegible]6.	18 It's a fact: Kinsey is a wonderful blend.
19 Robert E. Lee born in Virginia, 1807.	20 American Revolution ends, 1783.				24 Gold found in Calif. by James Marshall, 1848.	25 First trans-U. S. 'phone conversation, 1915.
26 U. S. has 485 Sunday papers. Whaddya read?	27 Party memo: Kinsey makes grand drinks!	28 Gas street-lighting begins in London, 1807.	29 If you're born today, your sign is Aquarius.	30 Franklin D. Roosevelt born, 1882.	31 Gosh, time flies! January's over!	Hey, don't go yet....y'gotta read the commercial!

Lets usher in the bright New Year with Kinsey Toddies and good cheer!

One of January's *nicest* events is the enjoyment of a delightful Hot Toddy made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Just put lump of sugar into Toddy mug and fill with two-thirds boiling water. Add 2 oz. of mild and mellow Kinsey Whiskey. Stir and decorate with slice of lemon.

Whatever your favorite drink, make it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You've never tasted a finer, more satisfying blend! So try Kinsey . . . tonight!

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for unhurried moments

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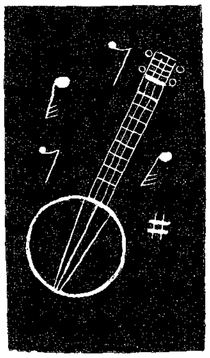
MUSICAL EVENTS

Children's Day at the Opera

In many families, it is a tradition to introduce the children to opera by taking them to a performance of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel." This tradition usually works out handsomely, because the children enjoy the show and the parents acquire the virtuous feeling of having contributed to the cultural advancement of their young. The Metropolitan has done a service to parents and children, as well as to opera-goers who are neither, by restoring the work to its repertoire. The matinée I attended was sensibly sung and staged. This year, the opera is being offered in English for the first time in Metropolitan history, although it has frequently been sung elsewhere in English for more than half a century. The translation used at the Metropolitan is the familiar version by Constance Bache, which, despite a few awkward moments, cleverly captures the sense and spirit of the original. The outstanding merit of this Metropolitan revival is its simplicity. Humperdinck composed the opera, for a family festival, to a libretto by his sister, and the Metropolitan has managed to retain the geniality of the work by not playing it as grandstand opera and not getting cute with it. At the performance I visited, in which Nadine Conner and Martha Lipton played the young berry pickers, the entire cast sang simply and musically. Fritz Stiedry's conducting was able and Herbert Graf's stage direction helped to make the story constantly clear. The children in the audience seemed to be remarkably well up on the opera; some of them had the air of being able to deliver a dissertation on Humperdinck's thematic material and its development.



The holidays also brought back to the local musical scene Leopold Stokowski, who is presently guest-conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts. Last week, Mr. Stokowski directed a program in Carnegie Hall that looked odd on paper and sounded excellent in the playing. He started with the première of his euphonious transcription of a sixteenth-century motet by Tomás Luis de Victoria, which served as an admirable prelude for his new concert edition of the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Mr. Stokowski abandoned the customary finale, devised by Johann André for the concert halls, and replaced it with an excerpt from the opera itself. The innovation sounded a bit strange to those of us who were used to the other ending of the overture, but it proved to be logical and effective, and it may well become standard practice for extra-opera performances of this music. From Mozart, Mr. Stokowski moved on to Paul Hindemith's Symphony in E Flat, which, except for its comparatively uneventful slow movement, is one of the most stimulating of modern symphonies. It was well played, and Mr. Stokowski gave it an interesting lyricism.

After the intermission, Jacques Thibaud, who hadn't been heard in these parts for a considerable time, appeared as violin soloist in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." Mr. Thibaud was welcomed back as an old and respected friend, and he played the "Symphonie" with such artistry that it seemed almost like a novelty, in spite of the many showings it receives season after season. For the rest of the evening, there was a first-rate performance of Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun" and a colorful sampling of Darius Milhaud's fascinating "Saudades do Brazil."

Mr. Milhaud has become one of the favorite composers in town and there aren't many weeks in which his work isn't represented at one or more concerts. The League of Composers recently offered an opportunity to hear four local Milhaud premières at the Museum of Modern Art, along with a kind of closeup of the composer himself. He conducted a small instrumental ensemble and a group of singers in three sets of short creations listed as cantatas and in an engaging suite made up of music he had written for a film. It was all deft, ingenious, and highly agreeable, and Mr. Milhaud's conducting was expert. A special charm of the meeting was the commentary by the composer, who swung around in his chair between numbers to discuss his work informally with the audience. Listening to shoptalk from an eminent musician is always a worth-while experience, and Mr. Milhaud chatted modestly and concisely about the back-

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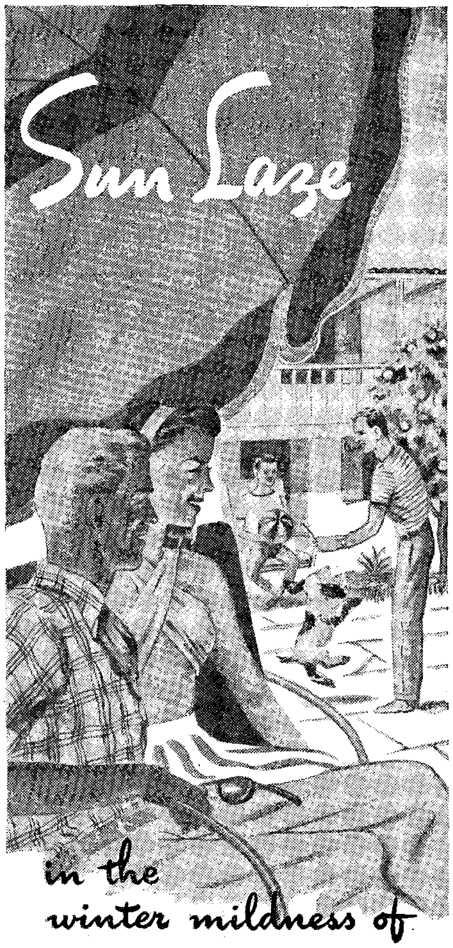
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ground of the scores, as if he were talking to friends who had dropped in for the evening. All that was missing was a translation of the text of the cantatas; the French was a little mysterious without the customary printed versions in English. —Robert A. Simon

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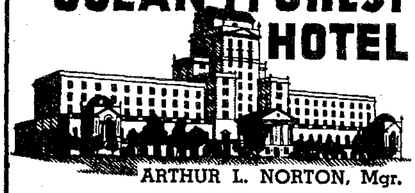

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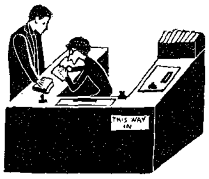
BOOKS

Daydreams and Parables



Of the countries occupied by the Germans, France and Denmark were more fortunate than the others in at least one respect: they still had their own publishers and their own censors, who read whatever was to be printed without looking too hard for anti-German messages. The public found those messages even in literary essays, lyric poems, and long historical novels about the American Civil War. Reading "Gone with the Wind," they imagined General Sherman in an S.S. uniform, and at once the novel became, for them, a textbook on resistance against any invader. "Gone with the Wind" was the wartime publishing success in most of the European countries, but novels by native authors also were popular, as daydreams of a happier past or parables of victory. Two of these books, one French and the other Danish, have just been published here.

The French book is "The White Charger," which was written by Elsa Triolet in 1942, the blackest year of the war. The Russian-born author was then living in Nice with her husband, Louis Aragon, the poet, novelist, and politician. They were free, but under surveillance by the French police. "Nothing hurried me," she reported in a recent letter to her American publishers, Rinehart & Co. "The nightmare that one lived made the hours seem like spiral staircases, crawfish, squirrels in a cage. . . . The only way of getting through those hours was to write." In November of that year, the Italians occupied Nice and the Aragons escaped, carrying false papers. Both of them were furiously active in the Resistance movement during the next two years. He was forming secret organizations of professional men; for a while she travelled about the country in a stolen car, with a machine gun under the front seat. Her mission was to get in touch with the Russian prisoners recruited into the Nazi Army and persuade them to desert to the Maquis. Often, when she passed bookstore windows, she saw copies of her novel forming the central display. By that time, however, she must have felt that it was something written in another age.

I think I can understand why the French wartime public liked "The White Charger" so well. It is a picture of freer, wickeder days, and it has the quality of having been written in prison, as if by a woman dreaming of Paris and a phantom lover, which makes it an intensely feminine book. It has no plot; it is simply the story of a charmingly indifferent Parisian hero, whose adventures take him from city to city and into beds that are rarely his own. "And why," Louis Hector Berlioz asked in the foreword to his "Damnation of Faust," "did the author dispatch his hero into Hungary? Because he wished to include a piece of music with a Hungarian theme." Elsa Triolet dispatches her hero to Berlin and New York, not because the story requires those particular journeys but, chiefly, because she has comments to make on German and American women. Michel, the hero, has affairs with ladies of both these nationalities. In fact, he conquers or yields to almost every woman under sixty who appears in the novel; he is the *homme fatal*, the male counterpart of the girl in the green hat. He is also a psychological type portrayed with more acuteness and more suggestions of tangled motives than one expects in this picaresque sort of story. Adored by his mother, a famous singer who has lost her voice, he is indifferent to other women even while embracing them; emotionally, he is honest only with men. He is unable to fall in love until he meets a Swedish girl even colder and more abandoned than himself, but she soon leaves him for his closest friend, whom he has come to regard as a second father. Other women desire him even though they despise him. One of them takes him to lunch and tries to reform him; then, at parting, she whispers, "You are a whore, Monsieur, a whore. See you later." They all see him later. And they all shower gifts on him, but he dreams only of riding into a beleaguered city on a white charger to rescue a spotless maiden.

I have not been able to find a copy of the French edition, but those who have read it tell me that the dialogue is

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a lively echo of Paris before the war. In the translation, the dialogue doesn't echo Paris or Manhattan or any other place on earth inhabited by human beings. When the translator speaks of a man without a vest, you nod your head and say to yourself, "Good! She writes American; she wouldn't let them bully her into saying 'waistcoat,' " but then you read the sentence again and decide that in the original the man was probably without a coat—*sans veston*. When the translator speaks of one-story houses in Greenwich Village, you can be certain that they began as *maisons d'un seul étage*, or what we other Americans call two-story houses. Throughout the book there is a feeling of haste, as if the translator hadn't stopped often enough to revise a sentence or look into the dictionary. The result is something like a Paris confection reproduced for the mail-order market.

"THE ANGELIC AVENGERS" first appeared in Denmark in 1944, but the American edition, published by Random House, doesn't read like a translation. Perhaps the author herself put it into English, a feat that she could have performed without too much trouble, if she is the person there is the best of reasons for suspecting she is. Her name appears on the title page as Pierre Andrézel, but this, it seems certain, is no more than a pseudonym of the Baroness Karen Blixen, who also writes, in both Danish and English, under the name of Isak Dinesen. Her English in this book, the fourth of her works to be chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, is gracefully old-fashioned, in keeping with a gracefully old-fashioned story.

The scene is England and France in the eighteen-forties. The heroines are two English girls, schoolmates, one of them the orphaned daughter of a botanist, the other the daughter of a rich country gentleman who has lost his fortune and disappeared. Together they look for a "situation," and they are eventually invited to join the household of a saintly old clergyman, who takes them to a lonely farm in France. They learn, after a time, that they are prisoners, that the clergyman is engaged in the South American white-slave traffic, and that he considers that he has a compact with Satan. Instead of trying to escape, they remain to outwit and undo their jailer.

Danish readers, we are told by the American publisher, were quick to see a parallel with the German occupation of their country. The parallel is unmistakable, once it has been pointed out, and its presence in the author's mind explains why her story has an intensity that seems to focus upon something outside her subject matter. My complaint against this and other novels charged with symbolic implications is that I am not sure how far the symbolism is meant to extend. The Reverend Mr. Pennhallow clearly stands for the Nazis and the two girls stand for the occupied countries, but do the girls also stand, as the reader sometimes suspects, for the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy united against the invaders? Emmanuel Tinchebrai, their French suitor, is patently a collaborationist a hundred years before his time, but what about Clon, the stupid gardener? Is he just a stupid gardener, or is he a representative of the working classes too beaten down to rebel? Perhaps the best plan is to forget such questions, now that the need for speaking in parables has ended. Today "The Angelic Avengers" can be enjoyed for what it is on the surface, an Early Victorian fairy tale about two princesses imprisoned by an ogre and finally rescued. There is, however, one message (or symbol) in the novel that has lost none of its force. It is embodied in Mr. Pennhallow, who expects nothing so vulgar as gold or honors or a lovely bride in return for his pact with Satan; his reward is "an inner happiness, a deep and quiet beatitude, a peace of heart" arising from "knowing that you are, now and forever, within his hands." Mr. Pennhallow is the symbol of something that Americans, with their instinctive faith in human perfectibility, have always refused to acknowledge: the presence in the world of evil that is not accidental or caused by defective environment but is achieved by deliberate choice over good; evil that wears the calm and self-assurance of the saints.

—MALCOLM COWLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

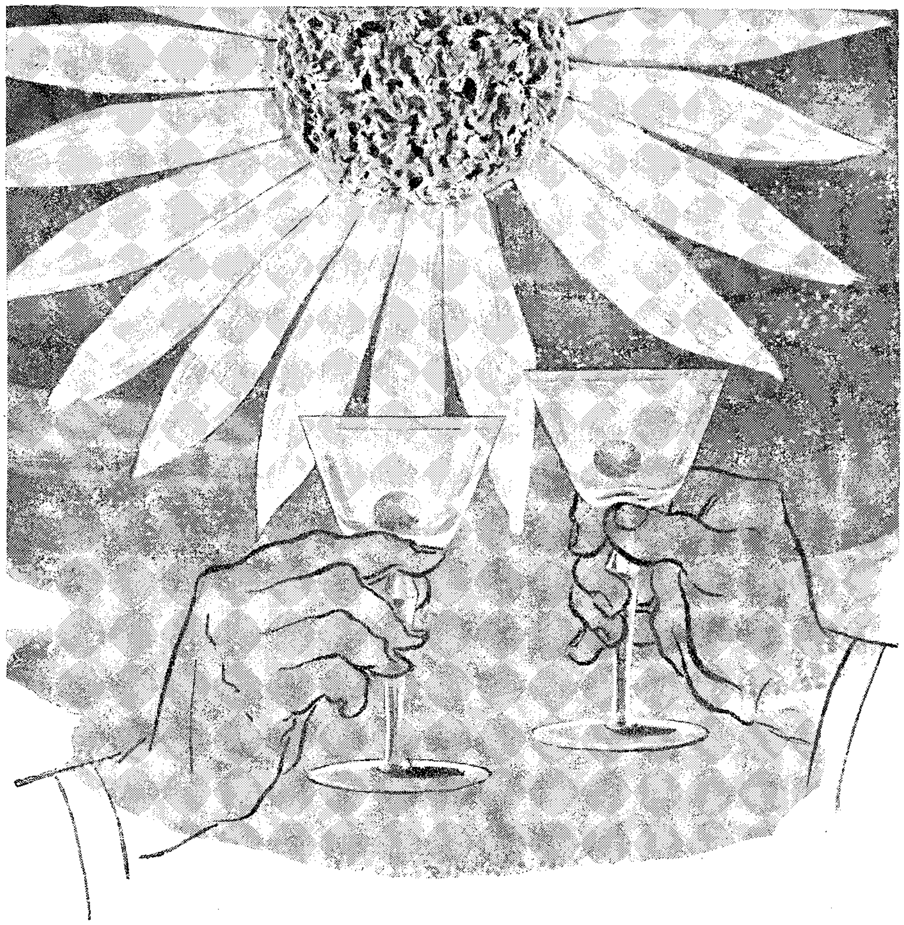
FICTION

THE AERODROME, by Rex Warner (Lippincott). An elaborate fantasy, built on designedly startling scenario lines, in which the author goes to considerable and rather unnecessary pains to prove that a completely organized society is no good and probably wouldn't work anyway. On one side, he presents a unit of an imaginary Air Force under the absolute control of a vice-marshal who, with hellish logic, would mold human beings into an arid and rigid efficiency; on the other there is the unwieldy, unsatisfactory, amorphous, and intensely individualistic life that centers on the church, manor, and public house of the village in which this part of the Air Force is stationed. Caught between these very different powers, the young hero of the story, if you want to call him that, experiments with both ways of life in a manner that is closer to allegory than to fiction. Mr. Warner writes with great distinction, but what he has to say this time seems less important and less interesting than what he said in "The Wild Goose Chase" and "Return of the Traveller."

Dulcimer Street, by Norman Collins (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A sound, old-fashioned novel, so like those that were popular family reading three or four decades ago that, despite references to the blitz and other recent phenomena, it is hard to believe that Mr. Collins is not an authentic Edwardian romancer. This particular chronicle deals with the lives of a number of people inhabiting a South London lodging house, among them a kindly old retired clerk and his harassed wife, a weak young man who has committed a murder, a frayed and elderly actress, a spiritualist, a widow out for a husband, and a discontented young girl. The book is nearly twice as long as it should be and is not too incisive, but it is nevertheless a pleasing, lively narrative, hard to lay down once you get into it. It will probably be equally hard to remember a few months from now.

Command Decision, by William Wister Haines (Little, Brown). A new kind of war book, concerned not with men in battle but with the brass hats who send them there. The scene of this highly effective short novel never shifts from the office of the commander of an American division of heavy bombers in England during the war, and it is surprising how much drama and even tragedy are generated there by men compressed to the combustion point by the weight of authority. The politics, jealousies, official timidity, and plain stupidities that beset the commander of the division make a story of waste illuminated by his stubborn, though unavailing, heroism. Mr. Haines manages to keep all trace of anger out of his voice and is even divertingly humorous at times, but there is no doubt about how he feels toward the Army.

The Varmints, by Peggy Bennett (Knopf). An unusual first novel



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about three poor children in a small Florida town who are brought up by their hard-working grandparents. An unpleasantly mannered prose makes for a certain nebulousness, from which neither the children nor the grandmother emerge very clearly. Only the old grandfather seems real, and it is his portrait that gives the novel its interest. Miss Bennett has considerable originality and a nice ironic touch, and since, according to the dust jacket, she is only twenty-one, she cannot be too old to be reminded that there is absolutely nothing disgraceful in being caught with a simple declarative sentence once in a while.

GENERAL

The Stricken Land, by Rexford G. Tugwell (Doubleday). Mr. Tugwell's account of his stewardship in Puerto Rico is a long, discursive, personal, and constantly interesting narrative. It takes up the war, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Tugwell's fights and friendships, and his political philosophy. The author's estimate of President Roosevelt as a statesman is unexpected; he holds that Roosevelt was a failure in domestic politics (one of the reasons being that the President refused to take Mr. Tugwell's advice on certain important matters) and that his greatness lay for the most part in his mastery of global strategy. The author also says—and this may sound contradictory—that war with Japan was the "inevitable" fruit of a policy that Roosevelt had pursued for many years before Pearl Harbor.

When the Going Was Good, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown). Travel pieces taken from four books the novelist wrote between 1929 and 1935. The journeys include a Mediterranean cruise, visits to South America, and two trips to Abyssinia—one for the coronation of Haile Selassie, and a later one, when Mr. Waugh went back in the casual guise of a war correspondent, both of which make very funny stories. Like all really interesting travel writers, the author puts a lot of himself into his journals. As in his novels, there is a fatalistic detachment about people, a lack of emotion about their behavior (which, as he encountered it on these journeys, seems to have been generally deplorable), and a careful selection of what is pertinent.

How It Happens: Talk About the German People, 1914-1933, with Erna von Pustau, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day). The third of Mrs. Buck's book-length conversations with people of other countries, held with the idea of furthering international understanding. This one is the rambling, autobiographical monologue of a German woman of aristocratic birth but pacifist and Leftist leanings who broke with her family over the questions of anti-Semitism and Hitler. It is an honest document of an honest and intelligent woman, but it falls short of Mrs. Buck's objective, in that it fails to disclose a great deal about the Germans as a people that is not already known.

Picasso: The Recent Years, 1939-1946, by Harriet and Sidney Janis (Doubleday). Picasso is by nature incurably dramatic and unpredictable. His actions during and after the war were and have been marked by the same almost majestic assurance with which he did the unexpected earlier in his career. The Janises are hampered by insufficient information and an uncomfortable adulation of their subject; still, their text and the hundred and thirty-odd reproductions of photographs of the artist, his surroundings, and his works make a curiously touching picture of Picasso during the Occupation.

Géricault, by Klaus Berger (H. Bittner). Théodore Géricault, who lived his short life (1791-1824) in the stormy post-revolutionary period in France and whose florid and grandiose style of painting was a perfect reflection of his times, has been too little known in the United States. This book, though limited to his drawings and water colors, should help correct the oversight. There are fifty-two excellent full-page illustrations in black-and-white, and Mr. Berger's brief text is precise and well documented.

The Ruins of Great Ireland in New England, by William B. Goodwin (Meador). The author offers an explanation of a number of ancient ruins he has found scattered throughout northeastern New England. His theory, as engaging as it is unlikely, is that when the Johnny-come-lately Norsemen got here, shortly after 1000 A.D., they were greeted by little, dark, Irish-speaking Culdee monks, who had preceded them by a century or more. Mr. Goodwin is so quick to take affront in his account of his explorations and tribulations that he diminishes the

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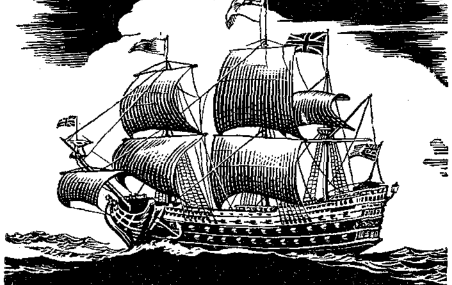

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persuasiveness of his photographs of the ruins, which certainly resemble the Culdee beehives still in existence in the old country; perhaps it should be noted, in Mr. Goodwin's defense, that he is *not* Irish.

A RIVER NEVER SLEEPS, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown (Morrow). Memoirs of trout fishing and other things by an angler who is also a scientist. From the subject of year-round sport in English and Canadian streams, the author branches off into musings on such matters as Thomas Hardy and the value of a forest fire. The writing has lots of charm and some touches here and there of Thoreau. Drawings.

UPLAND GUNNING, by William J. Schaldach (Barnes). An interesting selection of fifty-odd etchings and water colors of grouse, woodcock, and other game birds drawn by this eminent wild-life artist during the past twenty years. Each picture has an interpretive caption by the artist.

VERSE

SANTA CLAUS: A MORALITY, by E. E. Cummings (Holt). Cummings, writing straight, and without much of his usual lyricism and originality, presents a theme of love vs. death, hate, "science," and "the mob" in terms simplified to the point of parody.

ESSAY ON MARRIAGE, by Anne Finch (Rinehart). An unpretentious but refreshingly crisp and adult survey, in well-written satiric couplets, of modern love. Miss Finch is a young Englishwoman able to survey emotional ambushes with detachment, and she can thus set forth wittily those universal truths that may reconcile certain emotional oppositions of the complicated modern ego.

GREEN SONG AND OTHER POEMS, by Edith Sitwell (View-Vanguard). Miss Sitwell's technique and vocabulary, once brisk and brilliantly sharp, have become excessively romantic. She is now openly emotional, and prays, invokes, and exhorts—a surprising shift toward the Victorian rhetoric that she had worked hard to break down. Bizarre and lovely moments still come naturally to her, however. Frontispiece by Pavel Tchelitchew.

HEROES AND HEROINES, by Reed Whittemore (Reynal & Hitchcock). The best of these anecdotal and satiric verses are so good that the worst sound even flatter and more artificial than they ordinarily might. Frisky

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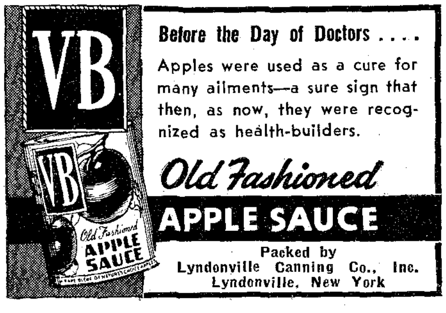
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and amusing drawings by Irwin Touster.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FOOTBRIDGE TO DEATH, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday). Elisha Macomber, a modified Asey Mayo type operating on Penberthy Island, Down East, takes on the job of finding out why in tunket the body of a beautiful French collaborationist should turn up near the estate of the Davenants, Penberthy's leading citizens. Young Mrs. Davenant, a woman of sadly scrambled emotions, comes in for a good deal of official scrutiny, but Macomber finally absolves her with a tricky solution that may annoy even the most ardent devotees of the bayberry-and-salt-air school of detection.

EXIT HARLEQUIN, by Jessica Ryan (Doubleday). Another case for Gregory Sergievitch Pavlov, the San Francisco professor who works with a cop named O'Shaunessy. When a famous comedian is found dead in a local theatre, Pavlov starts asking impertinent questions of all the members of the company, and apparently so impresses them with his comic accent that he's able to draw out all the pertinent answers. Stage-struck readers will probably admire the background, if not the detection, which relies more on intuition than on logic.

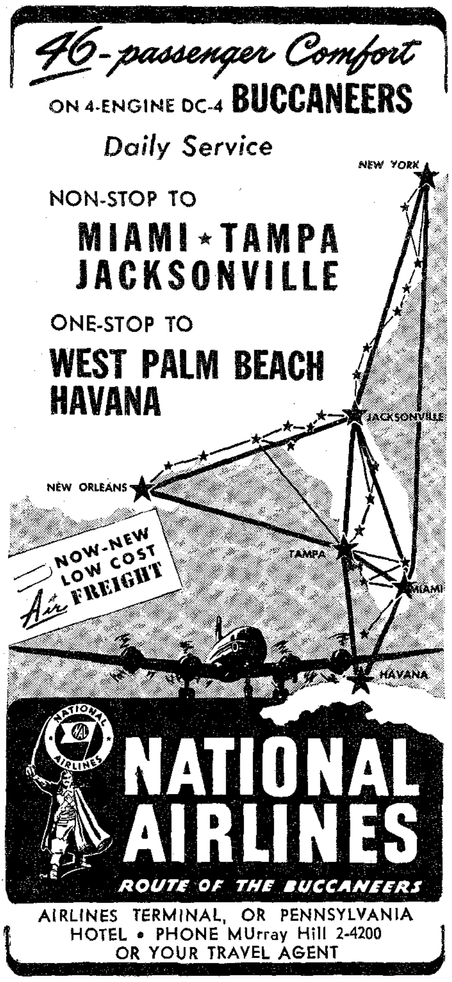
•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Apartments," in The New Yorker, September 12, 1936*]

Bing & Bing have acquired 60 West 68th Street and are taking the building apart from roof to cellar and putting it together again in a fashion that pleases them. Their standards are *notably* high. You may move your furniture in October 1st, yourself November 1st; rent won't start until December 1st . . . you can have a three-room penthouse with four exposures, a Park view, *and* a river view for $100 a month; a three-room apartment with six hundred square feet of terrace and a Park view for $120; a two-room apartment with the same amount of terrace and a river view for $77.50; a choice of terraceless two-roomers at from $60 to $75, threes from $77.50 to $97.50, and fours from $95 to $115.

On the authority of the owners, Gefree Realty, you will find 310 East 75th Street "The Last Word in Apartments." The building, a brand-new one, is unique, beyond any doubt. By cutting a deep open court between every two apartments, for instance, each of the sixty units in the place has been provided with at least two exposures. . . . There are eleven different layouts, with one and a half to four and a half rooms, priced according to size and location at from $52.50 to $125.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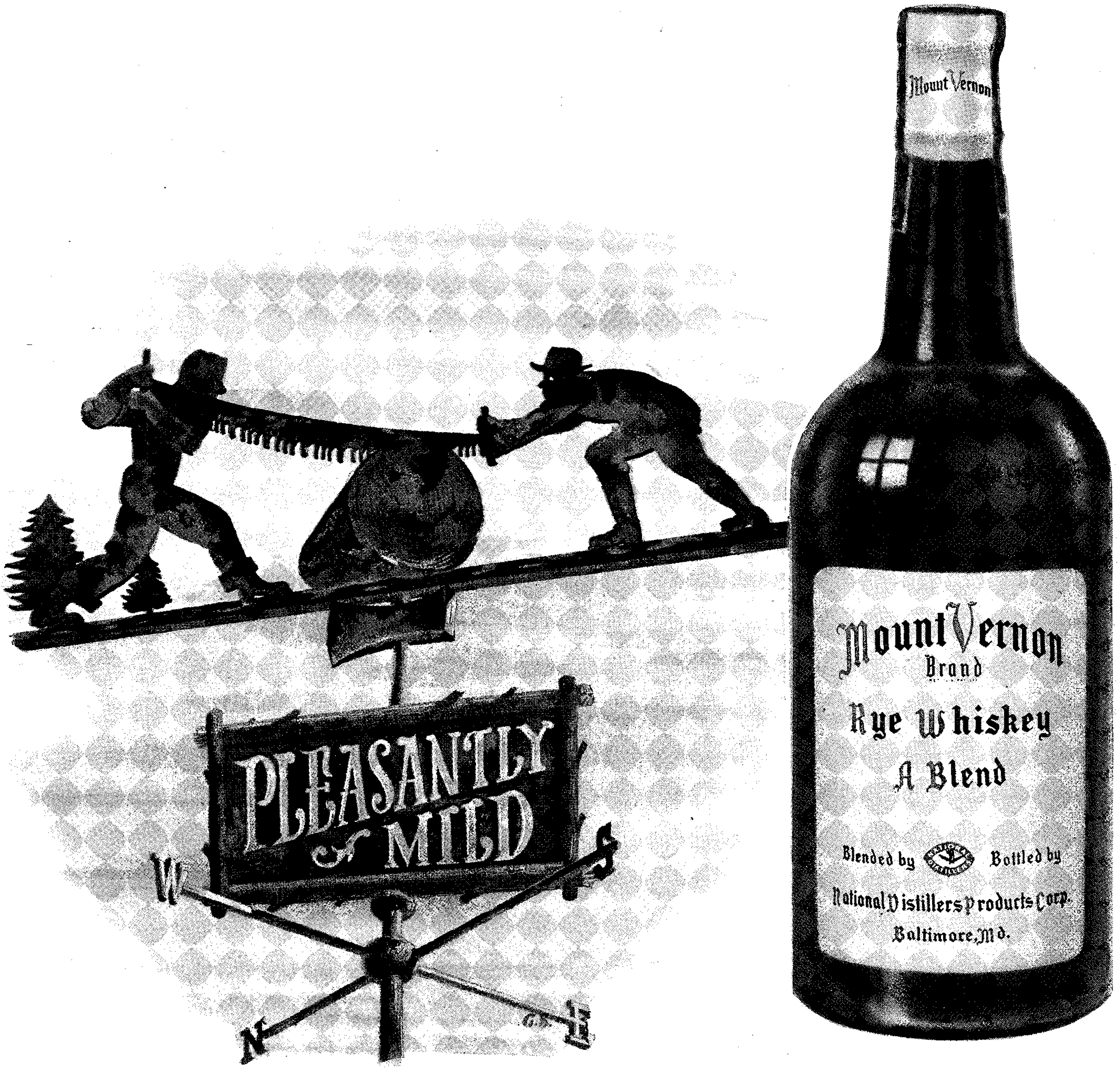
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